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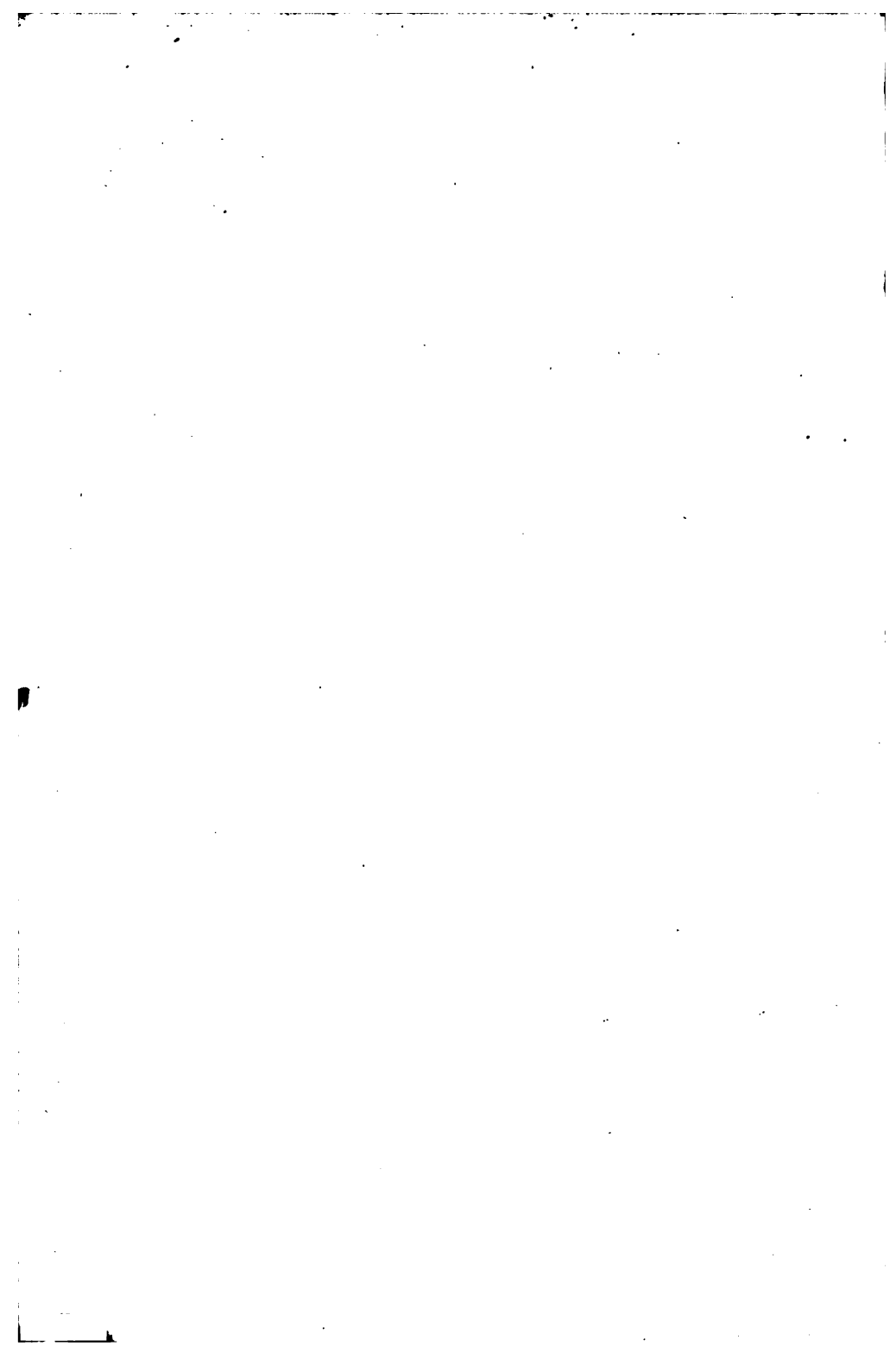
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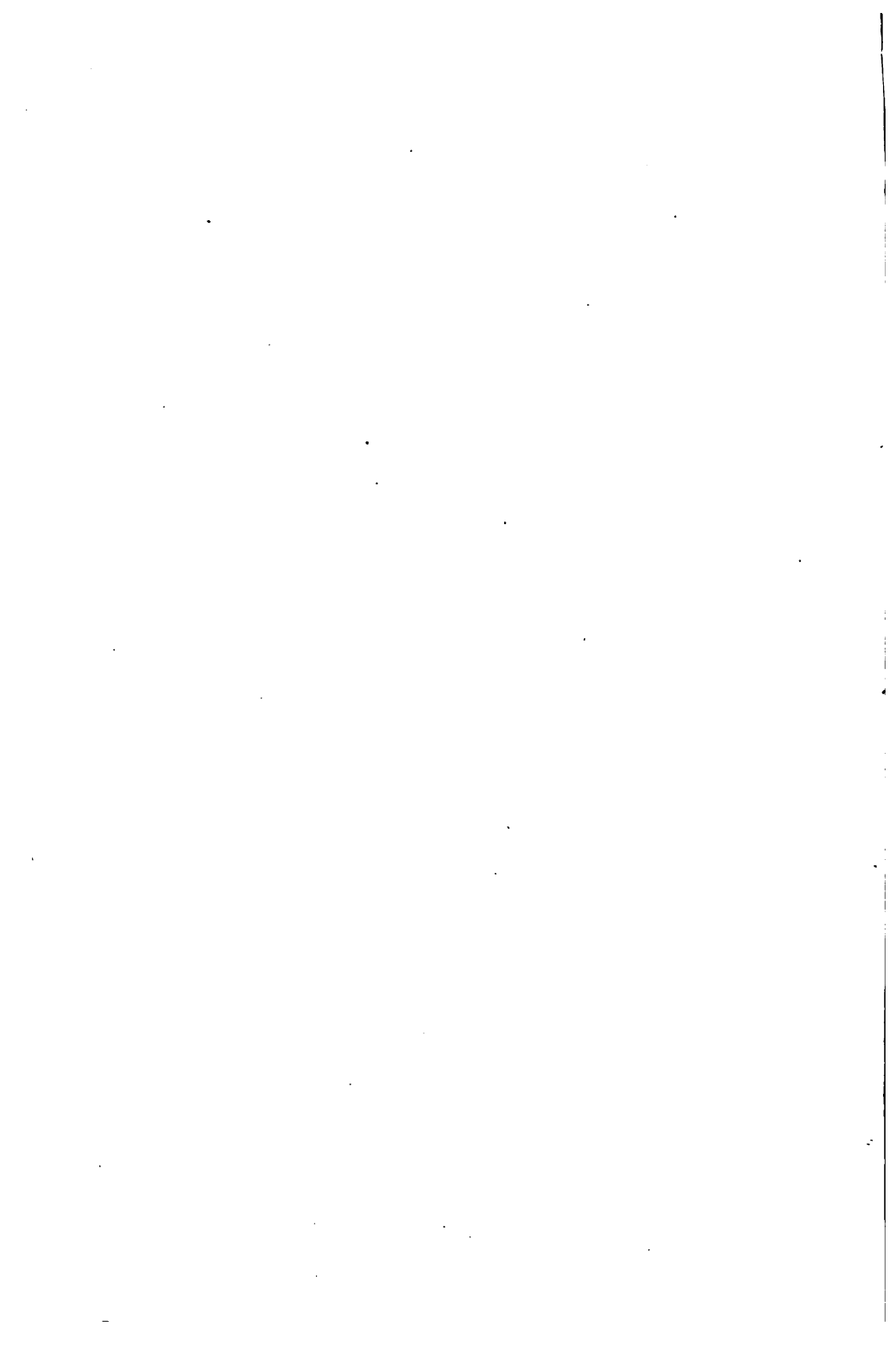


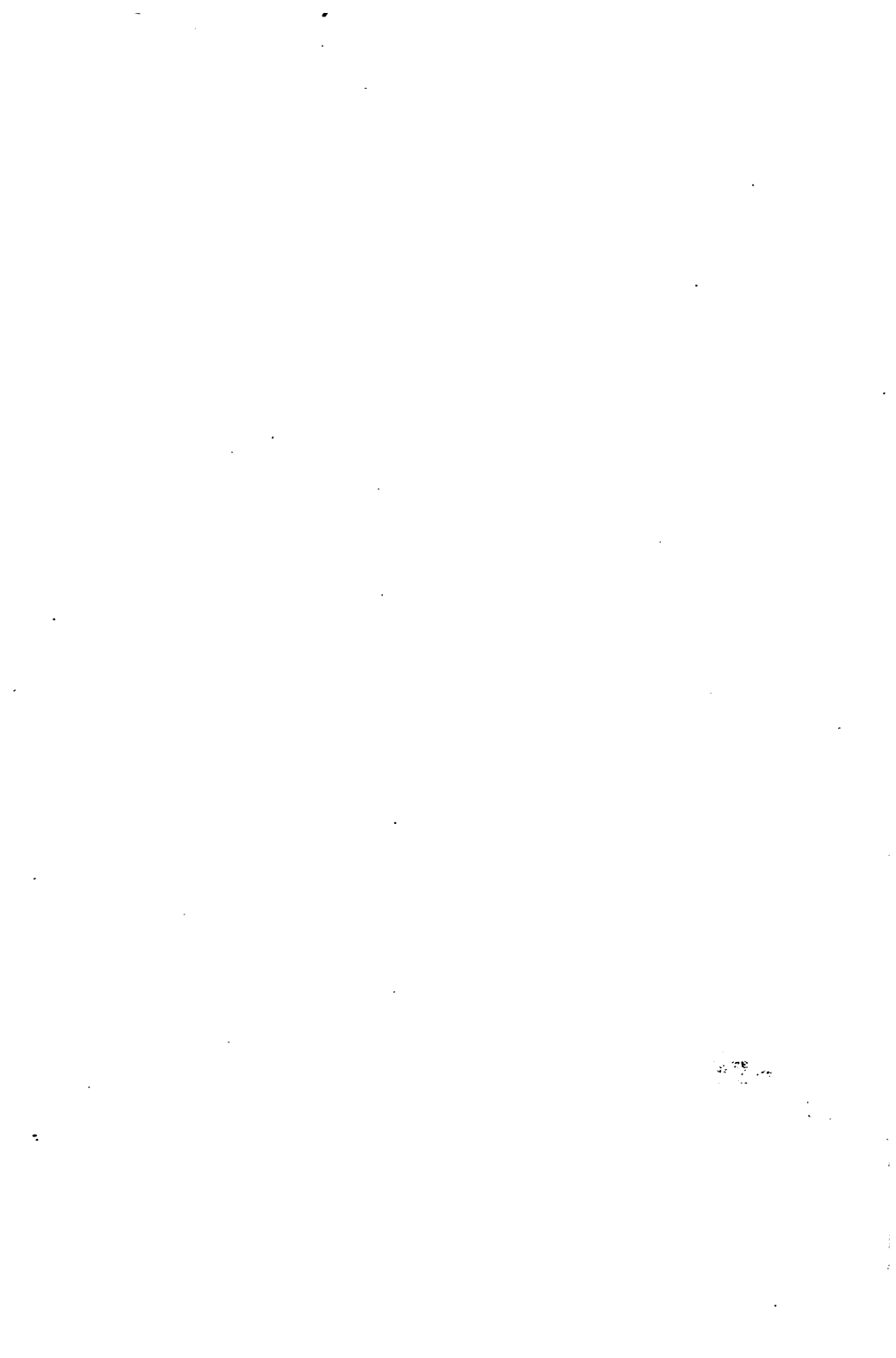
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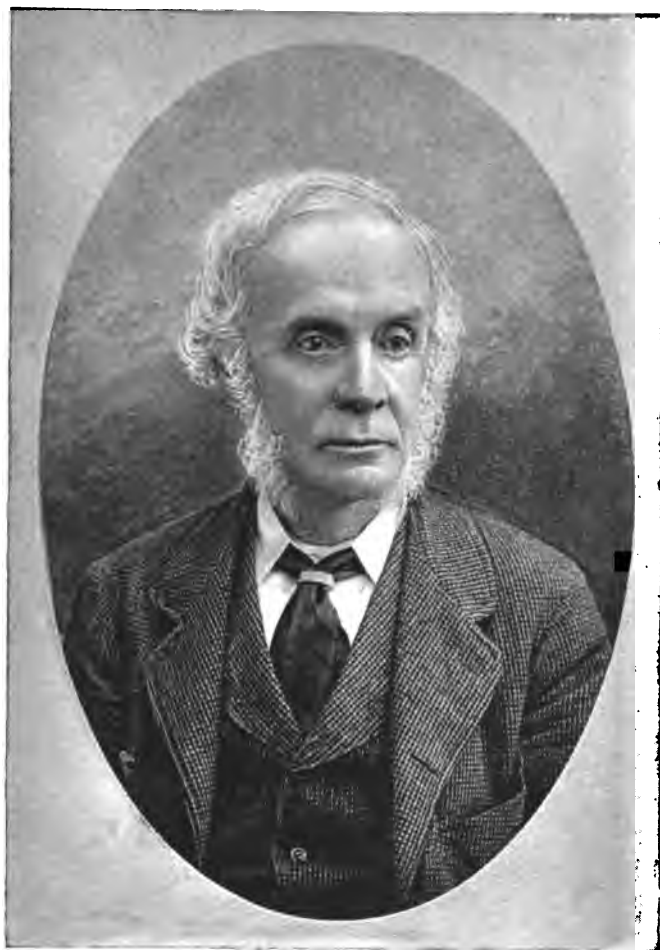




VERNON HEATH'S RECOLLECTIONS.







MR. VERNON HEATH.

ARNON HEATH'S

RECOLLECTIONS

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APR.

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VERNON HEATH'S

RECOLLECTIONS.



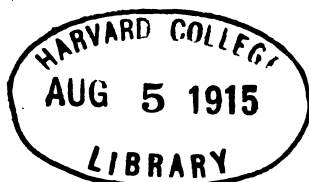
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INTRODUCTION.

THE "Recollections" which I am now venturing to present to the public, consist, for the most part, of a narrative of some fifty years of my life—from the year 1841 to the present time—interspersed with anecdotes and stories, the particulars of which have come to my knowledge in the course of a long career.

The first part of the work speaks for itself, relating as it does to my uncle, Robert Vernon, who, in the year 1847, presented his collection of modern pictures to the National Gallery; for the rest, the profession which at his death I adopted—that of photography—has thrown me into the company of many well-known and distinguished individuals, and has led to my frequent

admission as a guest at baronial halls and country houses, where the distinctive characteristics of our English nationality are so fully displayed.

If an excuse for this book be required, it must be demanded of those friends and acquaintances to whom I have, at various times, narrated the incidents here collected; their assurances that this unvarnished tale would be of general interest urged me to the task of authorship. It is sincerely to be hoped that this expectation may be justified.

VERNON HEATH.

BRUNSWICK HOTEL,

JERMYN STREET,

June, 1891.

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VERNON HEATH'S RECOLLECTIONS.

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Robert Vernon: His Patronage of Modern Art—Special Help to rising Artists—How the Collection Grew—Resolved to give it to the Nation—Stories: "The Age of Innocence"; A Paper nude Figure; Turner and the Poet Campbell; Landseer's "Lady and Spaniels"; Artists at Ardington; Landseer and the Clergyman; Billiards in the Olden Time; The Chimney-board.

IN the year 1841 I joined my uncle, Robert Vernon, of 50, Pall Mall, and Ardington House, Wantage.

He was a strange and singular man. One day he would be generous and liberal, considerate and sympathetic; the next the very reverse.

Possibly recurring attacks of gout, in his as in other cases, affected his disposition.

But one fixed purpose always came to the fore—viz., his patronage of modern art, and the encouragement he gave to rising artists.

He had good taste, discrimination, and sound judgment. I have heard him say that when he commenced buying modern pictures (a time when the public taste ran in the direction of old masters) he was induced to do so by his two old friends, John Fawcett, the comedian, and Thomas Morton, the dramatic author, who both knew well the difficulties and lack of patronage under which the sister art pined.

One of Robert Vernon's aims was to found and endow a school of modern art; and, with this object, he naturally sought to possess the best works of the best known men. As a proof of his endeavour to promote their interest, whenever he heard an artist had painted a picture better than the one he possessed he would purchase it and dethrone his own.

He never, though, lost sight of young aspirants to fame, and when he met with rising artists—those who had developed capabilities—he would cheerfully help them to earn a name and reputation.

But those were days when modern artists sold few of their works, and their prices, as compared with those of the present times, were very

moderate. Most of the pictures sent for exhibition were taken back to the studios, and, like disgraced children, were placed with their faces to the wall.

At that time, too, there were hardly any picture-dealers—men such as those who now snap from artists' easels, before exhibition, every picture worth purchasing. It is also the fact that at that period Robert Vernon, Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, and Mr. Sheepshanks were practically the only collectors of modern pictures.

The Pall Mall collection grew, both in importance and numbers, until Robert Vernon determined to present it to the nation. This resolve he kept ever before him, weeding out and buying until that condition of perfection was reached which was shown in the year 1847.

For a time, long previous to this, possessing as I did a fairly good knowledge of art, it fell to my lot to buy many of the pictures which are now in the National Gallery, amongst them Landseer's "Peace and War," Herbert's "Sir Thomas More and his Daughter," and E. M. Ward's "Disgrace of Lord Clarendon," and his "South Sea Bubble." Therefore, at that time I had

considerable influence with my uncle, and consequently my acquaintance was sought after by artists and the best known of the publishers of engravings, and thus many friendships were made which have been of lasting importance. Amongst my artist friends were Edwin Landseer, Charles Landseer, Stanfield, David Roberts, Mulready, Turner, Webster, Sir Martin Shee, Sir Charles Eastlake, Sir Francis Chantrey, Bailey, Gibson, Etty, Creswick, E. M. Ward, Uwins, Pickersgill, Maclise, G. Jones, Herring, A. Johnson, Goodhall, Lance, Egg, Frost, and Sydney Cooper.

On the subject of buying, a curious instance of want of agreement between the agent of the National Gallery and my uncle's agent took place at a sale at Christie's on May 17th, 1844. Had there been a proper understanding Robert Vernon would have saved nearly £1,000.

Alderman Harmer's collection was to be sold, in which was Sir Joshua Reynolds's exquisite picture, "The Age of Innocence." When it was put up, and the biddings approached £500, there were only three people competing—the agents of the National Gallery, Lord Lansdowne, and Robert Vernon. At five hundred

guineas Lord Lansdowne's agent retired, the biddings being continued by the remaining two, the picture being ultimately knocked down for £1,520 to Robert Vernon's agent, who then announced the name of his client.

Of course, had the agent of the National Gallery known against whom it was he was bidding, he would have stopped, and the buyer would have paid £995 less than he did.

At the present time "The Age of Innocence" is worth a great deal more than it fetched at Christie's, but in 1844 £1,520 was a high price for a picture.

And here, having told one story in connection with the Vernon Collection, let me add one or two others, the first of which relates to Turner.

There were three very fine examples of that artist at Pall Mall—"The Sybil and the Golden Bough," "The Landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay," and a Venice picture, "Canaletto Sketching."

The Sybil picture Robert Vernon saw and purchased at Turner's studio before it was exhibited. Two or three years afterwards, when

it was at Pall Mall, I saw that there was something wrong with the figure in the foreground, which seemed to be partially splitting away from the picture. This I pointed out, and was sent direct to Seguiet, the picture restorer, to whom I described that which I had discovered. He declined, however, to have anything to do with the picture, on the ground that he refused at all times to touch a Turner.

I then went to Turner, whose reception of me was far from gracious. With evident impatience, he listened to my statement, but, in the end, undertook to call at Pall Mall.

He came, and mounting on a chair, put his thumb-nail under the slightly raised part of the figure, and in an instant exclaimed, "Why, this is only paper! I now remember all about it. I determined, the picture being all but finished, to paint a nude figure in the foreground, and with this intention went one night to the Life School at the Royal Academy, and made a sketch in my note-book. Finding, next day, that it was the exact size I required my figure to be, I carefully, by its outline, cut it out of the book and fixed it on to the picture, intending, when I had time,

to paint the figure in properly. But I forgot this entirely, and do not think I should have remembered it but for you."

Here was a characteristic instance of Turner's carelessness and economy of material, an economy which is occasionally shown in the case of his drawings where he has used both sides of a sheet of paper.

The Sybil picture was then sent to Queen Anne Street and the present figure painted in.

Writing of so celebrated an artist, the opportunity is given me to add the following:—

Turner was a good conversationalist, full of information that was interesting and instructive, and good at repartee. A story that was current in Robert Vernon's days amongst artists is an instance of this. Turner was at a dinner-party at the poet Campbell's, and after dinner he spoke of his art and its professors in a way which led those present to the conclusion that he considered it and them superior to all others; upon which the bard rose, and, after alluding with a mock gravity to his friend's skill in *varnishing* painters as well as *paintings*, proposed "The health of Mr. Turner and the Worshipful Company of *Painters and*

Glaziers." Up then got Turner, who, with a similar solemnity, expressed his sense of the honour he had received, made some good-humoured allusions to *blotters* of foolscap, whose works were appropriately bound in calf, and concluded by proposing in return "The health of Mr. Campbell and the Worshipful Company of *Paper Stainers*," a rejoinder which excited a general laugh, in which none joined more heartily than the poet himself.

Years ago I heard this story several times, but probably it would not have again occurred to me had I not met with it in a charming little book by Horace Smith, "The Tin Trumpet."

My third story is of Edwin Landseer, and is interesting. In the year 1838, Robert Vernon, who was fond of, and always possessed the best of, the King Charles spaniels, commissioned Landseer, who had long before made his name and artistic reputation, to paint a picture in which two of his dogs were to be introduced.*

* In the portrait of Robert Vernon in the National Gallery by Pickersgill he has one of those pets on his knee, which Landseer volunteered to paint—an offer which, it is to be deplored, Pickersgill declined.

Consultations were held, and it was determined that the artist should ask a lady he knew—the beautiful Miss Power, Lady Blessington's niece—to sit to him with the two dogs for her companions. Pleased with the notion, Robert Vernon there and then gave Landseer a cheque for the agreed price. In those days the painter had not the incentive to work which came to him afterwards—the incentive of getting almost any sum he chose to ask for his pictures; nor had he at his elbow an admirable business man, like Jacob Bell, to arrange those prices for him.

The Spaniel picture was therefore a long time in hand, and the delay was the cause of considerable vexation. Years had gone by since the commission was given, and all that was known was that the picture was in hand.

It was, therefore, to his great astonishment that in the autumn of 1842—four years after the picture had been paid for—my uncle saw in McLean's window an engraving which was obviously from his picture.* Entering the shop to make inquiries, he was told that the picture,

* The date of its publication is June 24, 1842.

though unfinished, was in a sufficiently forward state to enable Thomas Landseer to engrave it.

He came away far from satisfied. No word had reached him of the intention to engrave, and, beyond that, it was clear that for an engraving to have been executed the picture must have been in the engraver's hands some considerable time. Landseer was therefore written to, and in answer there came a vague undertaking to deliver the picture as soon as it was completed.

In the meantime, the engraving had been unfavourably and disagreeably criticised, with the result that Landseer was so annoyed that he made up his mind never to touch the picture again, and to this determination he adhered in spite of all that his friends did or said.

Naturally the relations between Robert Vernon and Landseer became greatly strained, and this went on for a long time, until at last I took the matter in hand. I had several talks with Landseer, but he was immovable in his determination not to finish the picture, declaring that *it should never be seen in any exhibition in this country.*

At last, in some measure, we arrived at an

understanding. In those days the British Institution in Pall Mall was in existence, at which, it will be remembered, a spring exhibition of modern pictures was held, the usual exhibitors at the Royal Academy contributing pictures.

The exhibition of 1845 was approaching, and Landseer undertook to send to it a picture, which in the event of Robert Vernon approving, he was to accept in lieu of "The Lady and Spaniels."

The time for sending in the pictures arrived, and from Landseer the keeper of the institution received an *empty frame*, with an undertaking that a picture for it should be delivered in good time.

The Hanging Committee had finished its labours, and, as it came from Landseer, *the empty frame was hung on the line*. Varnishing Day was close at hand, and no picture had arrived. The keeper became anxious, and wrote to Robert Vernon at Ardington. I was immediately sent to London to Landseer's, arriving at his house about 11 a.m. My card having been sent in, his servant came back saying that it was impossible for his master to see me. I then sent in the letter

from the keeper, when Landseer dashed out, palette and brushes in hand, exclaiming, "Come in for one moment, Vernon." I followed him into the studio, where, pointing to an untouched canvas on his easel, he said, "I shall send that to the Institution to-night—a finished picture—and have consequently given orders not to be disturbed, for on that depends whether I can complete the task I have set myself."

I noticed by his side, on an easel, the picture of "The Lady and Spaniels," this being the first time I had seen it. Then, without waiting another moment, I left and returned to Ardington.

My uncle was thoroughly incredulous as to Landseer being able to fulfil his promise—so much so, that I started for the British Institution early the next morning. On my arrival I saw the keeper, and, sure enough, the picture had been delivered; and further, I was told that Landseer had been to the Gallery that morning, and for a short time had worked upon it.

I was taken into the Gallery, and was charmed and delighted with what I saw. Landseer had painted on the canvas I had seen two of the dogs from the picture of "The Lady and Spaniels,"

placing them on a table with a cavalier's hat. They appeared absolutely alive, and in that respect rival anything the painter has ever done. The picture was exhibited as "The Cavalier's Pets," and is now in the National Gallery.

The report I made to Robert Vernon was naturally one brimful of praise and delight, and he was only too glad to accept the new picture—a *picture painted in a day*—for the one which had been the cause of so much that was unsatisfactory and disagreeable.

My story is not quite finished. Some long time after "The Cavalier's Pets" was painted, the Queen and Prince Consort were at Landseer's studio, and while the Queen was talking to him, the Prince was engaged in looking over the pictures which were placed against the wall, and in this way he came across "The Lady and Spaniels." Much struck with it, he turned to Landseer, who told him frankly its history. The question the Prince then put was this: Would he (Landseer) complete it if it was sent out of the country?—H.R.H. adding, "The Queen wishes to make a present to the King of the Belgians, and we have come here to ascertain whether

there is anything of yours we could send, and this is the very thing."

The result was that the picture was ultimately finished, and sent to the King.

I have previously said that Landseer declared the picture should never be exhibited in this country. To quote the title of one of his pictures, "Man proposes, God disposes": *it was exhibited*. Sir Edwin being then dead, it was contributed by the King of the Belgians to the collection of Landseer's pictures at one of the winter exhibitions at the Royal Academy.

This story would be incomplete without this catastrophe:—Both of the dogs in the picture of "The Cavalier's Pets" were accidentally killed. The Blenheim fell from a table, and the King Charles wandered out of Robert Vernon's room in the dark, and fell through the railings of the staircase.

Speaking of Landseer, I remember that upon one occasion he, Maclise, E. M. Ward, Webster, Lance, and some others, were guests at Ardington. It was Sunday morning, and they were left to do as they chose—the perfection of hospitality. I was occupied, as usual, in my uncle's room,

when, about one o'clock, Landseer came in and said he had been to church. He was asked who preached, and answered, "I don't know, but I will show you"; and taking a pen out of my hand, in a minute he sketched the head and bust of the preacher.

"Why," said I, "that is Mr. ——." (I knew so little of him, that his name has escaped me.) His living was at least nine miles away; he had never been known to preach at Ardington; there was nothing striking or peculiar in his features; and my only knowledge of him was that occasionally I saw him with the old Berkshire hounds; yet I recognised Landseer's sketch in an instant.

I remember another incident in relation to that visit of Landseer's. Generally, in such houses as Ardington, the hall is used as the billiard-room. I knew numbers of such billiard-rooms in the county.

How I should like the men of the present day to have even a slight notion of the billiard-table of that time, and know what the cushions of those tables were like, and what was the sound produced by a ball striking them. Yet the players of that time enjoyed their game, though they had not

the slightest knowledge of "side," limiting themselves to striking the balls with some degree of precision and varying strength, and trusting to that for success. To such men there resulted a measure of satisfaction which the modern player, who is perpetually worried by the opinion that he has put on just too much or too little side, knows not.

In the hall at Ardington, as elsewhere when fires are not needed, a black chimney-board filled up the grate space. Landseer was once watching his friends playing billiards, when it occurred to him that he could improve the appearance of that black board; so, fetching his crayons, he, in a short time, had drawn upon it the head of a royal stag, life-size and life-like.

Being much interested, I stood by and watched, and when Landseer had finished, asked to be allowed to take it to my uncle, who was highly delighted. He forbade the board to be taken again into the hall, and had a sheet of plate-glass sent for with which to protect it.

CHAPTER II.

Robert Vernon : Correspondence with the Trustees of the National Gallery—Visit of the Queen and the Prince Consort—Visit of the Duke of Wellington and the Duchess of Sutherland—The Duke and George Jones, R.A.—Robert Vernon's Death.

To return to Robert Vernon. By his desire I wrote the following letter—

“ 50, *Pall Mall*, June 18th, 1847.

“ MY LORD,—With reference to the subject of my uncle's pictures becoming national property, I am requested by him to say that he will feel much indebted if your lordship will take the trouble to introduce this matter to the Trustees of the National Gallery, as he is prepared to make the necessary arrangements.

“ My uncle's desire is simply to know whether he may depend upon his wishes being carried into effect. His plan is to leave the entire collection to the National Gallery, giving the

Trustees the power to refuse any pictures they may consider are not worthy of being a part of a national collection. The only stipulation he is anxious to make is that the pictures of his collection that are accepted by the Trustees shall be exhibited in a room or rooms set apart exclusively for them, to be called 'The Vernon Gallery.'

"I have the honour to be, etc.,

"VERNON HEATH.

"The Right Hon.

"The Marquess of Lansdowne."

At a meeting of the Trustees of the National Gallery held on Monday, the 19th July, 1847,

Present:

The Most Hon. The Marquess of Lansdowne,
K.G., in the chair,

The Right Hon Lord Colborne,

The Right Hon. Lord Monteagle,

The Right Hon. The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Lord Lansdowne having laid before the Trustees a communication his lordship had received from Mr. Vernon Heath, relating to the

intention of his uncle, Mr. Vernon, to leave the entire of his collection of pictures to the National Gallery, giving the Trustees the power of refusing such of them as they may consider unworthy of being a part of a national collection, on the condition that the accepted pictures should be exhibited in a room or rooms set apart exclusively for them, to be called "The Vernon Gallery":

Resolved, That a letter be addressed to Mr. Vernon Heath to the effect,

"That the Trustees cannot omit this opportunity of expressing to Mr. Vernon Heath how much they appreciate the munificent offer of Mr. Vernon.

"They have considered very carefully the means which they have of meeting Mr. Vernon's wishes that a room or rooms should be set apart for the reception of his collection of pictures; but they are not prepared to say that, with the present arrangement of the rooms of the National Gallery, they could devote any rooms exclusively to this purpose. Alterations, however, are in contemplation, which might enable them to do so; but, under any circumstances, they can feel no difficulty in assuring him that they will keep Mr.

Vernon's collection together, so that they may be distinguished from other pictures in the Gallery, as 'The Vernon Collection.'

"The Trustees will only advert on the present occasion to the power which Mr. Vernon expresses his intention of leaving to the Trustees of declining any of the pictures which they may not think it advisable to admit into the National Gallery, for the purpose of thanking him for this additional proof of the liberal spirit which has prompted all his conduct.

"(Signed) ASHBURTON.
"20th July, 1847."

R. Vernon, Esq., to Colonel Thwaites.

*"Ardington House, Wantage,
"3rd August, 1847.*

"SIR,—My nephew, Mr. Vernon Heath, having laid before me the gratifying communication which the Trustees of the National Gallery have directed you to make to him, I beg that you will acquaint the Trustees, with my best compliments, that they may, when they think fit, make a

selection of the pictures and marbles now in my house in Pall Mall which they may think it advisable to admit into the National Gallery.

“I shall be obliged if the Trustees will be so good as to inform me when it will be convenient to them to make the selection ; and after they have made it, if they will forward to me the catalogue of the selected works of art, in order that I may execute a deed of gift accordingly.

“I am, &c.

“(Signed) ROBERT VERNON.”

Vernon Heath, Esq., to Colonel Thwaites.

“50, *Pall Mall*,

“30th *November*, 1847.

“SIR,—I am requested by my uncle, Mr. Vernon, in reference to his offer to the Trustees of the National Gallery, to send you the enclosed list.

“My uncle’s proposition to the Trustees was to the effect that they should make what selection they thought fit from his collection of modern art, rejecting all works they considered

not worthy to be a part of the national collection.

“In my uncle’s rooms there are many pictures which, although clever, are, he imagines, from their size, not sufficiently important to form a part of the national property ; and, as it may remove some delicacy the Trustees may possibly feel in rejecting any part of the collection, the list that accompanies this will show what pictures my uncle, upon his own judgment, would deem it advisable to exclude.

“But I am desired most particularly to beg that the Trustees will not allow this opinion of my uncle’s to prejudice in any way his original offer, but that they will still consider the entire of his modern collection here at their disposal.

“If it would assist the Trustees in their selection, I will have all the pictures referred to in the enclosed list marked in some conspicuous way.

“I have, &c.,

“(Signed) VERNON HEATH.”

*Extract from the Minutes of the Trustees of the
2nd December.*

At a meeting of the Trustees of the National Gallery, held on Monday, the 2nd December, 1847,

Present :

The Right Hon. Lord Ashburton, in the chair,
The Right Hon. the First Lord of the Treasury,
The Right Hon. Lord Monteagle,
The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel.

Read—A letter from Mr. Vernon Heath of the 30th ultimo, written at the request of his uncle, Mr. Vernon, and enclosing a list of pictures belonging to his collection, some of which, from their size, he imagines may not be sufficiently important to form a part of the national property, and wishing to remove some difficulty the Trustees may possibly feel in rejecting any part of the collection ; at the same time particularly begging that the Trustees will not allow this opinion of Mr. Vernon's to prejudice in any way his original offer, but that they will still consider the entire of his modern collection there at their disposal :

Resolved—" That a letter be addressed to Mr.

Vernon Heath, informing him that advantage has been taken of this early meeting of the Trustees of the National Gallery to lay before them his letter of the 30th ultimo, and its enclosure, and for the purpose of again taking into consideration Mr. Vernon's proposed munificent gift; and also of requesting that he will be so obliging as to ask Mr. Vernon to appoint any time that may be most convenient to him to permit the Trustees to make their final selection of the pictures they are desirous of adding to the national collection."

In an appendix to the volume is introduced a list of my uncle's pictures and marbles, amounting to the extraordinary number of 159, together with a copy of the deed of gift conveying them to the nation.

Here I may say that Sir Robert Peel called upon me at Pall Mall, and said that at one of the meetings of the Trustees of the National Gallery, the question arose as to whether any, and if so, what, acknowledgment would be acceptable to my uncle for his generous gift, hinting that a baronetcy might be had. He said that he was speaking to me confidentially, as he was then merely feeling his way.

I told Sir Robert that I was sure my uncle had no expectations whatever, as he was but too content to have lived to carry out the one great object he had set himself, and to have done so was, he felt, a full and sufficient reward.

Robert Vernon's gift was a generous and valuable one; a gift, too, made by a comparatively unknown man; for, outside of the artists' circle, I doubt whether he was even known by name.

This addition to the National Gallery, as a matter of course, came to the knowledge of the Queen and the Prince Consort, who signified their desire to come to Pall Mall to see the collection. My uncle at the time being confined to his room, I had (June, 1848) to receive Her Majesty and the Prince. It was my first interview with H.R.H., and I remember at once feeling that no one could look at his head, and the expression of the face from a physiognomist's point of view, without being satisfied that a great intellect was therein centred. Beyond that, H.R.H.'s critical remarks on the fine arts, made in incisive, keen language, convinced me he possessed vast knowledge, discernment, and sound judgment.

After a long and careful inspection, the Queen and the Prince departed, leaving a very gracious message for the donor of the pictures.

His example has since been followed by several valuable and important bequests, notably by Mr. Sheepshanks and Mr. Jacob Bell, the latter of whom gave nineteen pictures, of which one is the splendid Landseer, "Shoeing."

Mr. Tate, too, has most generously offered his collection to the National Gallery, and, if rumour speaks truly, has submitted a scheme for building a gallery for it, and other bequests, at a cost of £80,000. In addition to this, Mr. Alexander is erecting, at his own cost, a building adjoining the National Gallery for housing the national portraits.

What a contrast all this is to the time I have referred to, when there was little or no demand for modern pictures !

In the Parliamentary paper, a portion of which will be found in the appendix, it is stated that the Trustees of the National Gallery and the Lords of the Treasury, finding it difficult to provide a temporary home for their new acquisition, Robert Vernon offered, under conditions, to

allow the public to see the collection on two days of the week at his own house. This was in the year 1848, and due publicity being given, the offer became well known. Amongst others, the Duke of Wellington wrote to ask if he might come to see the pictures on a day that was not a public one.

Of course the answer returned was in the affirmative, and, an appointment being made, I received his Grace. Quite naturally, I exerted myself to interest him by pointing out the most striking and interesting pictures of the collection.

After staying some time he thanked me and took his departure. Some few weeks afterwards a lady asked me whether it was possible to obtain permission to see the pictures at Apsley House; and bearing in mind the Duke's visit to Pall Mall, I ventured to believe that this might be accomplished.

So I wrote to the Duke, and in reply received one of his characteristic letters commencing "F. M. the Duke of Wellington." I regret that it is not in my power to give the actual words of the letter, for some one who saw it in

the album of letters I cherish coolly took it away. But as nearly as I can remember it ran thus: "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Vernon Heath. Apsley House is the Duke's private residence, and is now occupied by himself and his friends. His rooms and pictures are therefore not on view."

The Duchess of Sutherland of those days—one of the most beautiful women of her time—wrote also asking, as the Duke of Wellington had done, to be received on a day which was not a public one.

Her Grace came to Pall Mall accompanied by her two lovely daughters: one of them was then the Duchess of Leinster, the other afterwards became the Duchess of Westminster. When, after spending much time in examining the pictures, her Grace took her leave, she voluntarily said to me, "Mr. Heath, if at any time you would like to see the rooms and pictures at Stafford House, it will be only necessary for you to present your card."

When the Duke of Wellington came, as just stated, I was waiting to receive him in the dining-room, and from the window I saw him

arrive. He was on horseback, wearing the surtout coat and the white trousers we of those days saw daily in the Park when he was on his way to the Horse Guards. At that time he sat his horse in a curiously loose fashion; so loosely, indeed, that it gave one the impression of being dangerous. If anyone desires to know exactly the character of his seat, Landseer's picture in the Vernon Collection in the National Gallery, "The Duke of Wellington and the Marchioness of Douro visiting the Plains of Waterloo," will provide the knowledge, for Landseer has caught the attitude with the utmost exactness.

I remember a story of this period that is told of the Duke. Mr. George Jones, R.A., who formerly had been in the army and held the rank of captain, had, by reason of his dress, the appearance of a military man. Beyond that, in figure, face, and general style he was certainly like the Duke. He wore a deep white cravat, while beneath his waistcoat peeped the red edge of an under one, and with the addition of a dark blue military cloak, he was constantly taken for the Duke.

At last someone told his Grace this, upon

which he said, "Really, really, that's odd, for I'm never taken for Mr. Jones!"

Robert Vernon died in May, 1850, and was buried at Ardington Church, in the pretty little north chapel built by him at the time when, a few years before his death, he, at his own cost, had restored the church. In that chapel he placed an exquisite white marble statue by Baily, R.A., of a draped female figure, life size, named "Prayer."

Sir Robert Peel, on hearing of my uncle's death, sent for me, and after I had answered his questions, he suggested that I had a fairly reasonable claim upon the patronage of the Minister of the day (then Lord John Russell), to whom Sir Robert gave me a letter.

The following June Sir Robert Peel's influence was lost to me. Every one will remember the grievous accident that befell him when riding up Constitution Hill, which resulted fatally on the 2nd of July, 1850.

Lord John Russell resigned towards the end of 1852, and was succeeded on the 28th of December by the Earl of Aberdeen. Nothing having, up to that time, come of my application,

the Marquis of Lansdowne gave me an introduction to Lord Aberdeen, who, like Lord John, spoke favourably of my claim. But when the end of the year 1854 came, and long-deferred hope had made my heart sick, I determined to rely upon myself, and strike out a course of my own. What that course was will be made manifest further on.

CHAPTER III.

Robert Vernon: Stories of his Time: The twelve Undervests; His Hunting Clothes; A Hunting Story; The Heron; Roast or Boiled?

I HAVE already spoken of the two sides of my uncle's character. He was also eccentric, and would at times do and say most curious things, which though they in some measure told against himself, he would frequently relate with evident enjoyment.

The following amusing incident happened at the time I lived under his roof:—

He always spoke in a slow and deliberate manner—a manner which gave one the notion that every word he uttered was carefully weighed and thought out; at all events, he certainly meant what he said, and those who knew him always dealt with his words literally.

My mornings were usually occupied in writing his letters or in reading to him. It was, however,

my habit before going out to go to his room for the purpose of asking whether I could do anything for him out of doors. Upon one occasion of my doing so, he said, "Are you going near the Burlington Arcade?" and added, "If you are, there is a small parcel on the top of the wardrobe which I wish you to leave at Lord's, and tell them to *make twelve exactly like that.*" I had no notion what "that" was. I knew how methodical he was, and his message was therefore delivered with the utmost exactness.

Many days elapsed, and on one Sunday morning I was in my own room—a room over his—when a bell—which was really an alarm bell placed there in the event of his sudden illness, or his requiring help—was violently rung. I hastened down-stairs; outside the door was his servant, so convulsed with laughter he could not tell me what had happened, so I entered the room.

My uncle had, for two or three days, been unusually well, and on that particular morning had determined to dress and move into the sitting-room adjoining.

For some time previously I had noticed a neat paper parcel on his wardrobe, but did not

know its contents. What they were it was then my lot to discover. A heap or bundle of "something" was on the floor in one corner of the room, and at this my uncle was kicking, having completely lost his temper.

The moment he saw me he shouted, "What was the message you gave Lord?" So much time had elapsed that I had to collect my thoughts; and then, my memory fortunately serving me, I said, "I told him to make twelve exactly like 'that' which the parcel contained." With another kick, he said, "Yes, he has done so with a vengeance."

Now this is what had happened. I may say that generally it was his habit to wear all his things for a far longer time than is usual. The offending heap in the corner turned out to be twelve new under-vests, and the "that" which I had left with Lord was a merino under-vest, which had undergone long service.

The lower part of each sleeve of this garment having evidently been in need of repair, a housemaid had cut away the worn and frayed portions, and sewn on, in lieu of them, pieces of calico,

the length of calico on one sleeve being greater than that on the other.

Lord, knowing his customer, and how precise and strict he was, followed my instructions to the letter; doing so partly because he conceived that the calico had been sewn on for a special purpose—a purpose which had possibly something to do with gout. So that twelve new merino under-vests had all been patched exactly as had the one I had left with the hosier.

Another story.—As a county man, Robert Vernon subscribed £25 a year to the Old Berkshire hounds. I had, during the hunting seasons, ridden a small pony to the meets when they were in the neighbourhood of Ardington, but following hounds was beyond its capabilities.

One day, towards the end of a particular October, I had been shooting, and on my return entered my uncle's room to report myself. He, after listening to that which I had to tell him, said, "Mr. Morland has been here" (that gentleman was the master of the O.B.H.), "and I have told him that the subscription to the hounds will, henceforth, be in your name;" and he added, "Mr. Morland said he was pleased to hear it, and

he has left an invitation for you to breakfast with him on the morning of the opening meet next Tuesday."

This being only five days ahead, I naturally asked what I was to ride, and what was to be my attire. His answer was characteristic. "You will ride 'Sportsman,' which, as you know, is the best hunter I have; and as for clothes, open that cupboard, and take out the things that are there: amongst them you will find my hunting clothes, which will fit you capitally. It is sixteen years or so since I had them on, but I know they are all right."

My feelings can be readily imagined, for I should think that, of the many things I produced from that cupboard, there was nothing that had been made within eighteen years!

At last I came to the hunting-suit, and, one by one, I held up each article for his and my own examination.

"Go and put them on," he said, "and then come back here."

The whole thing was too absurd, and had I carried out his wishes, I should have covered myself with ridicule. So I told him that I would

start for town at once, and get clad as were the men of that time !

This I did. My hunting things arrived in time, and on the morning of the opening meet I was dressed, and intended to get off before the time when my uncle's servant usually went to his room.

But this intention was foiled. "Sportsman" was at the door, and in a minute more I should have got away, when a message came that he wanted me in his room. There was nothing for it but to obey, so I went. Putting on his spectacles, he took a long and careful look at me, and then, in an injured tone, said, "Ah ! you would have looked far better in my clothes !"

Third story ; a hunting story. This has not to do with Robert Vernon, but is an incident in the career of "Sportsman"; and I think, therefore, this is the appropriate place to relate it.

In the year 1847, Earl Granville, who was then Master of the Buckhounds, seeking to change his hunting ground, determined to take his pack to a part of Berkshire where, I believe, the Queen's Hounds had never been before—Sir Robert Throckmorton's, Buckland, Faringdon.

This being duly announced, I should say that

for many years there had been no occasion on which the sporting proclivities of every one in the district had been so thoroughly stirred.

On the morning of the meet I sent "Sportsman" on to Buckland, and followed on my old hack. Passing through Wantage, I saw, grouped around the Bear Inn, numbers of disconsolate sportsmen, seeking for means and ways by which they could reach Buckland or the place selected for uncarting the deer.

But not a fly, not a cab, not a horse, indeed no conveyance, could be had for love or money; for days and days past, every horse that could stir had, for the occasion, been exalted to the rank of hunter; and King Alfred's town, when I reached it, had been denuded of its horses.

I rode up to Sir Robert Throckmorton's house with no small difficulty, having to charge an army of horse and foot—a multitude that would have done credit to an important race meeting.

Breakfast over, we sought for our horses, and trotted away to the place where the deer was to be enlarged. And what a sight was there! Around and near the deer-cart there were as many mounted and foot people as, in the old

days, used to be seen at Salt Hill at an Easter Monday meet: and then the scene when the deer was set free, the shouting of the people, the rush onwards of those who were mounted, galloping as if it was their mission to hunt the stag! for it is absolutely true that hundreds followed on its track, scorning to wait for the hounds.

In due time Davies, the Queen's huntsman (a rider who possessed as good and graceful a seat, and had as delicate and perfect hands, as any man who followed hounds), laid on his pack; the line being over a heavy country with numerous stone walls.

How quickly the field thinned! After a long run, it was found that the deer had crossed the Thames some miles below Faringdon. At that time, of all the immense gathering at the meet, there were only about twelve of us left. I and another man whom I knew reached the bank of the river together, and we there found that a ferry-boat was taking across four horses and their riders.

We watched them, intending to await the return of the boat, and then to cross; but in mid-stream, two of the horses jumped into the river,

both of them swimming to the bank on the opposite side.

Upon this, the friend who was with me—an Oxford University man—determined to try to take his horse across a single-plank bridge, which led from our side to a brick bridge, the latter joining the further bank. He succeeded in doing this perfectly; and knowing that "Sportsman" was nervous of water, and thinking that he might possibly, if put in the ferry-boat, follow the example set by the two horses, I resolved to try the plank bridge.

There had been for some time very heavy rain, and the river was in flood, the water rushing—a furious torrent—under the plank, but safely I led my horse on to it, and by encouragement had got him half-way across, when he hesitated, then halted, and in a moment had slipped one hind foot over the edge of the plank. An instant more and he was lying on his side, and, turning over on his back, with a plunge disappeared in the seething water. I should think that he was at least fifty yards away before I caught sight of him, and then merely to see his head and the saddle-flaps.

Unlike the two other horses, he made no attempt to reach either bank, but set his head straight down the middle of the stream, and was speedily lost to sight.

I attempted to follow on the bank, but the flood was so much out that I was compelled to abandon this ; and, believing that the horse would inevitably be drowned, I turned into the road, and walked away with the intention of getting some conveyance to take me home.

I had gone some considerable distance, when I heard behind me the quick, short trot of a horse, which, had I not believed mine had perished in the river, I should have thought was his.

And it was his ! for in a few seconds he was by my side, ridden by a man who was wet through, and who had followed him by the side of the river, wading at times up to his waist through the water ; the horse at last reaching the weir, upwards of a mile from where he had plunged in. This stopped him, and the man went in, caught hold of the bridle, and horse and man came to the bank.

I knew little of the country where we then

were; the man was better informed, for he told me that Mr. Morland's house (the Master of O.B.H.) was within three miles. There we went. Mr. Morland received me with a hearty welcome, and congratulations on the escape of "Sportsman," whom he had put up and thoroughly looked after, ordering at the same time a dog-cart to take me home.

In some degree I have been induced to tell this story because of that which happened twenty-six years afterwards. In October, 1873, I was staying with Mr. W. E. Oakeley—the popular Master of the Atherstone Hounds—at his lovely place, Tan-y-bwlch, Maentwrog, North Wales.

One evening at dinner I related the "Sportsman" story, and while doing so I noticed that Mr. Oakeley was listening with more interest and attention than is usually given to dinner conversation.

When I had ended he said, "Well, this is too extraordinary, because one of the two horses you saw jump out of the ferry-boat was mine. I was an Oxford undergraduate at the time, and thought I should like a turn with the Queen's

Hounds. I remember quite well seeing your horse plunge into the river, and to this day believed he was drowned."

Fourth story.—At Ardington there is a lake in front of the house. One August evening I went on to the lawn from a door which faced the lake, and saw on the bank nearest me a heron, a bird which was very seldom seen there.

Stealthily I went back for my gun, but on returning the heron had gone. So I went down to the lake and walked along its bank, until I was opposite an island on which were tall trees, and from one of these the heron flew.

Between an opening in the trees, getting a momentary glimpse of it, I fired, and hearing a thud on the grass, knew it was shot; and with no small degree of satisfaction I took the bird direct to Robert Vernon's room. He was delighted, and without a moment's hesitation ordered that it should at once be packed and sent by the first train to Edwin Landseer, directed to his studio, St. John's Wood.

Two letters were to be written, one to accompany the heron, and the other to go by post to inform Landseer of the circumstances,

especially that it had been killed at Ardington. Further, the painter was commissioned to introduce it into a picture, the treatment of which was left entirely to himself.

Vain was my suggestion that, it being the Highland shooting season, Landseer would, in all probability, be in Scotland. No; the order had gone forth, and go the heron must!

The address label was to be marked "Immediate; to be forwarded." And this direction was followed, for the hamper was sent after Landseer from place to place for a fortnight! So that the condition of that bird, when at last it was delivered to him, may be well left to the imagination!

Fifth story.—Robert Vernon, though having the services of a housekeeper, sought to retain in his own hands the management of the house; and had his instructions and arrangements been duly carried out, he would have managed well and economically.

But, a martyr to gout, he was the greater part of the last twenty years of his life confined to his room; consequently, personal supervision of the household was not possible.

He saw daily, though, the representatives of the tradesmen, the butcher especially, and from him he would order all the joints required, including those for the servants' hall, being always particular in making inquiries as to their prices.

The housekeeper came every morning to his room to take instructions for the day, when, besides his own, he ordered the servants' dinner; and it was one of his peculiarities to order for that dinner, whenever it was possible to do so, that the joints should be boiled, for the reason that he believed in that way they lost less than when roasted.

One o'clock was the hall dinner hour, at which time his servant came to him with a cup of tea, and I usually went to lunch.

One morning, when the tea was brought, he said, addressing his man, "Let me see, Kirk, you have boiled mutton for dinner to-day; my nephew is very busy, so bring his luncheon here, and have two nice slices cut for him from your joint."

I little thought, when listening to those instructions, what was the motive for giving them,

but afterwards I had reason to know that it had been carefully thought out.

The luncheon tray was a long time coming, so, losing patience, Robert Vernon violently pulled at the bell-rope, and the man entered. To reach me he had to pass the bedside, which, with some haste, he attempted to do. "Stop, stop," said my uncle; "come here, and let me see what it is you have brought." So the tray was taken to him. He lifted the cover from the dish, and this was his exclamation: "Roast! I thought so."

Whether the object for which my lunch was brought to that room answered the purpose intended I never discovered.

CHAPTER IV.

The Advent of Photography: Drawing by the Aid of a Camera Lucida—
A Speculation—An eventful Evening—Mr. Faraday's Announcement
—His closing Words.—Fox Talbot's Calotype Process—Robert Vernon's
Portrait—A curious Coincidence—A Royal Institution Lecture.

As previously stated, having waited four years for the favour and patronage of the Prime Minister of the day, I determined to take a course of my own. That course was the adoption of photography as a profession.

Harking back so far as the year 1837, I find that I was accustomed to sketch a great deal out of doors, devoting myself chiefly to water-colour landscape work, using as a help the camera lucida invented by Dr. Wollaston. This is an instrument having an adjustable glass prism, by means of which objects are represented (true to colour and proportions) on a sheet of paper lying horizontally to it; so that an accurate drawing can be made of them, even by those little

accustomed to the use of the pencil, and a practical knowledge of perspective is acquired, not easily attained without some such assistance.

This was a period long previous to the discovery of photography. How often, though, when using my camera lucida, and looking at the brilliant and distinct picture its prism had formed upon the paper beneath it—how often did I wonder whether, within the realms of chemical science, there existed means by which that picture as I saw it could be retained and made lasting! Day after day I thought and dwelt upon this, as others no doubt had done before me, until at last there came one eventful Friday evening. On the 25th of January, 1839, I went to the Royal Institution to hear a discourse by Dr. Brand. At its close Professor Faraday came to the lecture-table, and, to my intense gratification and surprise, announced the two discoveries—the Daguerreotype and Mr. Fox Talbot's invention, then called "photogenic drawing."

Mr. Faraday invited his audience to inspect the specimens displayed in the library of the Institution, and I, being one of those who did so, saw realised that which my camera lucida had

so often led me to speculate upon, and from that moment I was, in heart and spirit, a disciple of the new science—photography.

I may add that Mr. Faraday closed his announcement with these characteristic words:—
“No human hand has hitherto traced such lines as these drawings display; and what man may hereafter do, now that Dame Nature has become his drawing mistress, it is impossible to predict.”

By 1841 Mr. Fox Talbot had made important advances in his photographic researches, and had brought out his calotype process; this I followed with keen interest. I bought my first camera and lens of Andrew Ross, in 1842, one of the earliest he had made for calotype work. I have, too, by me a bill for photographic chemicals obtained from the only dealer in them at the time—Charles Button, of Holborn Bars—dated September 21st, 1845. Iodide of potassium was then 3s. per ounce; gallic acid 8s. per ounce; and hyposulphite of soda 7s. per pound. At the present day these chemicals, taken in the order stated above, cost 1s., 1s. 2d., and less than 1d. ! My Ross camera was limited to plates 6in. by $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. in size, though I obtained results with these which then

afforded me the greatest pleasure and gratification.

I chiefly worked in the grounds at and about Ardington, photographing the house, the lake, the church, and anything that was sufficiently artistic in effect for my purpose.

One day I essayed to take my uncle's portrait. It was to be done out of doors, he sitting in his garden chair. I warned him that he would have to remain still and motionless for *eight minutes* ! Think of this, ye photographers who now take negatives in a fraction of a second !

Well, he did as he was told. I obtained a capital result, for it was the most characteristic portrait that had ever been done of him. Yes, I was delighted with my little negative, though it was only 6 by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size.

But with what giant's strides photography marched on ! And how strange a coincidence it is that I, who heard at the Royal Institution the announcement of the discovery of photography, should stand where Mr. Faraday did, and from the theatre lecture-table discourse upon the progress thirty-two years had brought about ; stand there and relate the advance photography had

made in all its branches and applications since 1842.

This happened: my lecture being delivered on Friday evening, 20th February, 1874; its subject, "On the Autotype and other Photographic Processes and Discoveries."

In the theatre, for the purposes of my lecture, I had a large number of specimens. Hanging side by side on the screen behind me, was an autotype of the Vale of Festiniog, North Wales, made from a plate 53 by 43 inches, and my tiny photographs of the Ardington period, of which, when they were taken, I was so proud.

Here I resume. In the short period between 1850 and the end of 1854, photography had made great progress. Archer's collodion process had been introduced, a process which had shortened the exposure in the camera as 30 is to 480. The optician and camera-maker had, too, immensely improved all photographic appliances.

Thus, for all purposes and applications, photography had become practical and could be relied upon. So I became a professional photographer, and taking my camera to well-known

scenes and places—my knowledge of drawing and art standing me in good stead—I worked until I felt that, with credit to myself, I might accept engagements at country houses.

At that time I also gave instruction and lessons to amateurs, and amongst the many who came to me were Dr. Livingstone—one of my earliest pupils—and Prince Alfred, now the Duke of Edinburgh.

CHAPTER V.

Endsleigh, Devon, and Sudbury Hall, Derby: Endsleigh's Beauty and Picturesqueness—Sixty Miles of Drives in the Grounds—A wet Summer—The Gardener's Cottage—How the Tamar was Crossed—A "Horrible Man"—At Sudbury Hall, Lord Vernon's—Negatives there and in the Neighbourhood—The Queen's Memorial Window to Colonel Anson.

I HAVE already stated that, owing to my adoption of photography, I became acquainted with many well-known persons, and visited several celebrated houses and places. Where I went and that which I heard and saw will now be related.

One of the first commissions I undertook was at Endsleigh, a charming place a few miles from Tavistock, the property of the Duke of Bedford.

It would be difficult to find in England anything that can excel Endsleigh in beauty and picturesqueness. Partly in Devonshire and partly in Cornwall—the river Tamar dividing the two counties—on each side tree-clothed hills, the

rapid river coursing its way between them, there can hardly be anything more perfect !

Endsleigh ranks as a cottage, is gabled and thatched, and is a gem for which its surroundings form a perfect setting. It was built early in the present century, under the superintendence of Wyatt, the restorer of Windsor Castle. The grounds contain sixty miles of walks and drives, the laying-out of which was done under Wyatt's direction, and which, with The Cottage, cost £130,000. A mile or so from The Cottage there is a wood, from which a very striking picture is seen. Let this be its composition:—The Cottage in the centre, with trees behind it, dominated by distant views of corn fields; on the right and left are the hanging woods mentioned above, and between them the meandering and light-reflecting Tamar.

It was in September, 1860, I went there. At the present time I know many other places, and am much more intimate with scenery than I was then; but some day, should it be in my power, I shall ask permission to revisit Endsleigh—not only because it was the first of all the celebrated places I went to, but for the reason that I should

like to know whether my impressions of 1860 would be confirmed.

That year there had been fearful weather. From the Ascot meeting in July to the middle of August there was scarcely a day without rain. On my journey to Devonshire, on all sides there was evidence of the mischief that had been done: fields under water, wheat-sheaves floating down rivers, and everything as disconsolate and wretched as could be.

Consequently, for the time I stayed at Endsleigh I had serious difficulties to contend with. My first week was one of incessant rain day and night, and all I could do was to walk about and find out that which I would attempt if there came favourable weather.

The Duke's house was filled with his personal friends, but, very considerately, he had arranged that I should stay at a gardener's cottage on the Cornish bank of the Tamar—a cottage in an unequalled position. All the cottages on the estate are so nice, all gabled and thatched, and covered with an abundance of flowers and creepers only to be met with in Devonshire or Cornwall. The one drawback was the necessity

of crossing the river, for this needed tact and experience; and to do it as it should be done, commend me to the gardener's wife. This was her method of proceeding. The Tamar is a very swift stream, and in flood time immensely so. Well, she would get into the boat, and, by aid of the branches of the trees on the bank, pull herself some considerable distance up stream, a distance she judged according to the rapidity of the current. Then she would let go, the nose of the boat would swing round, and almost with absolute certainty she would make the bank on the other side at the point she intended.

There was one day—the Saturday of the week of rain—when I and the husband were placed in a serious fix. We had crossed in the morning, and left the boat on the Devon side (he having the management of it), intending to return about four o'clock. When, however, we reached the river, we found that such a torrent of water had descended from the Dartmoor hills that it had risen several feet, the noise from the rush of water being deafening.

The wife shouted and signalled from her side, but we could understand nothing, and

getting into the boat the man proceeded in the usual way to pull up stream by the branches of the trees. But he failed to go far enough, and when he let go his hold we shot round and went down the river with the speed of a rocket, the wife, poor woman, thinking that every moment we should be drowned.

It was more than half a mile before we struck the Cornish bank, and this would not have been done then but for the limb of a tree which projected far into the river. It appeared, when we reached the cottage, that the wife's gesticulations and signals were intended to prevent us crossing.

I have said that this gardener's cottage was in an unequalled position, but it always struck me that it must have been a very dull place for the wife all day long by herself. I once said this to her, but she laughingly answered, "I have been here so many years that I am now quite accustomed to it."

But there came a day when on returning I was much struck with her anxious, careworn expression, and could not help asking whether anything had happened.

And then it came out. She was at her work when a "horrible-looking man" in prison dress came into the cottage, evidently an escaped convict. He demanded to be put across the river, but she firmly refused. Then he took to threats and imprecations, in the midst of which, providentially, a keeper with his gun passed within four yards of the cottage.

The woman called, and the "horrible" man was taken in charge and removed by the keeper.

By dint of being always ready, always on the alert, in spite of the wind and rain I accomplished that which I had come for, and my Endsleigh negatives were far better than, looking at the difficulties, could have been expected.

I had the gratification to find that this opinion of them was afterwards confirmed by others; and having sent them—my first professional work at a country house—to the Photographic Exhibition, I had the further gratification of reading that in the estimate of the art critics—amongst them being my friend Tom Taylor—they were ranked as equal to the work of the best known landscape photographers of the day.

From Endsleigh I went to Sudbury Hall,

Derby, Lord Vernon's place, and there finished that season's work with my camera.

The Honourable William Vernon was an ardent camera man, and, wanting help, he thought his object would be best served by seeing me at work.

So, after exhausting the subjects at Sudbury, we went to the Earl of Lichfield's, Shugborough Park, where we obtained many negatives.

From Sudbury we also journeyed to parts of Derbyshire, and it was then I made my first acquaintance with several of its celebrated places and with its beautiful scenery—Chatsworth, Hardwick, Bolton Abbey, Dovedale, and Matlock.

The church at Sudbury is within the grounds of the Hall, and is a good example of its period.

The Queen, hearing that I was going to Lord Vernon's, commissioned me to obtain a negative of the east window of the church, which her Majesty and the Prince Consort had placed there in memory of Colonel Anson, an esteemed member of the Household.

CHAPTER VI.

The Thames between Windsor and Goring: its Aspect during the four Seasons—The Route from Windsor to Goring described.

THE year 1861 was to me a most important one, for then not only I did my first photographic work at Burnham Beeches—one of the most lovely of all England's sylvan possessions (and of which hereafter much that is interesting will be said)—but I visited that grand old historic place, Penshurst Castle.

In June of that year I also, for the first time, went to the Thames, staying with Mr. Albert Ricardo, whose attractive riverside house is opposite to Boulters Lock, at Maidenhead.

On that occasion my experience of the river was limited to that portion of it which is between Maidenhead and Cookham.

In 1862 I went to Mr. Noble's at Berry Hill, and from there very greatly added to my know-

ledge of the Thames. At this present time I doubt whether anyone can be more intimate than myself with that part of the river which stretches from Windsor to Goring. Yearly it has been my study—the happy hunting-ground of my camera.

I recollect two negatives that I obtained in 1862—one at Cookham, the other at Roehampton: the former the horse-chestnut tree at the angle of the backwater; the latter the porch of a cottage at Roehampton Vale. I mention these two subjects because they realised far and away greater sums than have any other two photographs — the horse-chestnut tree close upon £1,600, the cottage porch nearly £2,000. A negative taken at Sandringham in 1864 of two Indian mastiffs, the property of the Prince of Wales, brought nearly £1,000.

But to return to the Thames. At the time of my earliest acquaintance with it, how greatly its scenery impressed and delighted me! And now, with thirty years intervening, how glorious, how consummately picturesque, is the dear old river! aye, despite its desecration by arrogant, assertive steam launches and a fleet of house-boats, which are counted by hundreds.

Glorious those grand stretches of the river are at all times, as those can testify who have poetry in their nature, and are able to appreciate that which is beautiful.

In every season of the year some distinctive charm is discoverable—even in its wildest moods of winter, with the adjoining meadows converted into lakes; its wayside paths submerged; the furious leap and rush of its water over the weirs; and the trees on its hill-sides faintly illumined by the cold steel light of a December day—all this not only goes straight to the hearts of those who can see and feel, but forcibly brings back to the recollection the beauty of the departed autumn—that autumn when the woods at Cliveden, and the lovely Quarry woods near Marlow, were gorgeous in their many shades of gold—a scale of colour which, commencing with the maple, is taken up in succession by the birch, the elm, the horse-chestnut, and lastly by the oak and the beech. How often have I marvelled at the beauty of tree-life just as it is about to part with its season's foliage!

Then, when the spring sets in, watch how, day by day, Nature with delicate greenery is

clothing the leafless trees ; clothing them with a tint of colour which so strongly contrasts with the deep, dark blue-green of the neighbouring yews.

And later on, how both sides of the river are brightened by flowering trees and shrubs. Usually, in Nature's own order, first come the hawthorns, "sheeted with bloom" — Spring's white-robed vestals.

Then from their glutinous cases spring the lovely spikes of bloom of the horse-chestnut, graceful and beautiful in form and colour, a lovely combination of silver-white and delicate rose-pink, and far more worth attention and examination than are many of the highly vaunted and admired orchids. The may and horse-chestnut are followed by a blaze of laburnum bloom, charming and elegant as all pendent blooms are, and perfect in colour as they are in form. The laburnum, in its turn, is succeeded by the flowers of the guelder rose—pure white, and snowball in form—and by a wealth of the waxen, star-shaped syringa, filling the surrounding air with a fragrance as of an orange grove.

Mark, too, at this time the clusters of honey-

suckle climbing and trailing around the stems and branches of the trees; while here and there, crowning the tangled undergrowth, are masses of wild roses.

Then in the summer-time, in quiet nooks and bends of the river, or in half-hidden backwaters, the lilies—whose elegant glazed leaves, shining in the sunlight, lie so lightly on the water's surface that they seem barely to touch it—put forth their beautiful cup-shaped blooms of white and gold, giving an additional charm to the lovely Thames.

And here I am desirous of entering a plea on behalf of the lilies, which I venture to address to all who boat on the Thames and other rivers.

Tempted by their beauty, how often one sees a passing boat steered out of its course by its fair coxswain in order that she may gather some of "those dear flowers." How ruthlessly, too, she carries out her design: see how she pulls them up by their stems, and casts them into the stern of the boat. But her capture does not represent the whole damage that has been done, for the consequence of steering the boat into the lily bed is that the beautiful shaped leaves, which just a

few moments before were so perfect, have been reduced to a tangled, torn, unrecognisable mass.

Let me beg, then, of all who boat to avoid the temptation to pluck lilies; let me beg them to take my words to heart, not merely for the reason that to gather these flowers is to deprive the river of one of its natural decorations, but because, in nearly every instance, long before a boat reaches its destination, they are worthless, as they commence to die as soon as they are out of the water.

I have stood on the landing-stage at Henley, and watched boat after boat arrive with its freight of flowers, and have seen their fair captors take them up, and, with an expression of disappointment, consign them to the river. How great, then, is the pity that they were gathered!

Additional attraction is given to the reaches of the Thames in the summer months by the wealth of grasses, flags, dock, and other broad, large-leaved plants, and the many wild flowers that fringe its banks—a beautiful setting to the sparkling stream. One striking enrichment is the loose-strife, with its rich purple flowers—a prominent feature for an artist to introduce into

the foreground of a picture, its warm colour rendering it particularly valuable. The yellow loose-strife, which is likewise abundant, is interesting for the beauty of its yellow flowers.

And then, in spring and summer, listen to the joyous music of the birds—a veritable choir. How charming is the soprano of the thrush and the rich contralto of the blackbird; while at night, when rest and quiet prevail, how sweet is the tender, expressive song of the nightingale.

Speaking of birds, one old friend, brilliant and beautiful, a very jewel in its splendour of colour—the kingfisher—a well-known denizen of the river, is but now seldom seen. Years ago, in the backwaters and quiet reaches, I have often seen them skimming and darting along the banks with the speed of a swallow; but they were harried and shot down, as every rare thing is that should be protected; and I greatly fear that the protection that is now extended to them by the Thames Conservancy Board has come too late.

Amongst the many other attractions of the river, the graceful, beautiful swans must not be forgotten. They are very numerous, and, by the pure white of their feathers, as they

sail majestically by the green banks and dark foliage, give just those effects that a composition needs.

In the foregoing enumeration I by no means exhaust the attractions and beauties of the reaches of our most perfect of rivers, for they are innumerable, and are observable at every turn or bend—an illimitable source of pleasure and delight, refining and exalting our tastes, while increasing our love for Nature and her beautiful works.

There are several books published which treat of the Thames, probably the most complete and interesting being that of my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

As it possibly may be a suitable conclusion to the preceding description of the river, I propose to trace it from Windsor to Goring, an exceptionally lovely and beautiful stretch, and one which is within the grasp of all who desire to become intimate with its upper waters.

This will be done without great detail or elaborate description, the object in view being to point out some of the chief features and points on the route. In doing this I acknowledge

that, occasionally, I am indebted to my friends' book.

Starting from Windsor Bridge, a short pull brings us to Boveney Lock; while behind, for the whole way, are striking and constantly varying views of the grand old Castle. Further on we pass Surly Hall, now an inn, the resort of boating men, and well known to the youths of Eton.

Many villas intervene between Windsor and Maidenhead, one of the most important being Oakeley Court on the left, some distance above Surly, the residence of the late Lord Otho Fitzgerald. We then reach Monkey Island, a fishing lodge, built by the third Duke of Marlborough, which derives its name from one of the rooms, on the ceiling of which have been painted numbers of monkeys.

Passing through Bray Lock, in a short time we are opposite the church, whose renowned vicar obtained so large a share of immortality. Then we go through a long straight stretch of the river, where is held the Maidenhead regatta, and approach first the railway bridge, with its arch of marvellous span, and then, after passing

several villas on the left, we go through Maidenhead Bridge, on the right being the hotel and lawn which have been long known as "Skindles' ;" on the left an old-fashioned house with beautifully kept grounds that come down to the water's edge. It is well worth while to go on to the bridge and see the views both above and below.

Continuing, we are on the way to Boulters Lock, and rapidly approaching a part of the river which supplies its most characteristic beauties. On the right are the woods of Taplow Court, and from time to time, through the trees, a glimpse of the house is caught. On the right is Taplow Mill and Sir Roger Palmer's—the latter a charming Thames residence—and then immediately Boulters Lock comes into view. Before we reach it, away on the right are seen the beautiful Cliveden woods, a continuation of those of Taplow Court. Boulters Lock is one of the most celebrated of the upper Thames, and those who have seen it on a Sunday morning or evening, in the height of the boating season, will thoroughly confirm this.

After leaving Boulters, and passing through the narrow water that leads to it, we come again

into the broad river, with the whole stretch of the Cliveden woods on the right.

Nothing that can be conceived is, in its way, more perfect and attractive than the scene which is now unfolded. There, in front, is the wide expanse of the glistening river, bounded on one side by a hill, which, from base to summit, is clothed with foliage of every variety of colour, and this extends as far as the eye can see—mingled beauty and grandeur!

It is better, because of its increased picturesqueness, to keep near the right side of the river, so that when the islands are reached they are passed on the left. Emerging again into the open, we soon pass first one, and then another of the Duke of Westminster's pretty cottages. The river then again contracts, the island of Formosa being on the left. Here is an exquisite bit of scenery, edged by the grand trees of Formosa on the one side, and the Cliveden woods, dipping nearly to the river, on the right. So we come to the way to Cookham Lock, the woods of Hedsor (Lord Boston) being seen on the right.

After passing through the lock, and the

narrow cut which leads to the broad river, we come to Cookham Bridge. Then the river becomes a broad sheet of water, patronised greatly by sailing yachts. For some distance now the view is tame and uninteresting, and this lasts till the beautiful Quarry woods are reached, with their lovely foliage and charming villas on or near the river bank.

The next lock is at Marlow, which having passed through, a very striking view comes before us. On the right are houses, trees, and the church; in the distance, the bridge; and on the left one of the most beautiful weirs on the river, close to which is the hotel.

Leaving Marlow, we speedily come, on the left, first to Bisham Church, and then Bisham Abbey, one of the most venerable and interesting of all the ancient remains which time and use have consecrated.

Next, Temple Lock and Temple are reached, the latter made attractive by the glistening waters of the weir. A short distance on is Hurley Lock, where as we approach, right and left, especially the former, the scenery is very fine. The village of Hurley is more than pretty, and

contains a house known as Lady Place—a most ancient structure. Opposite Hurley is Harleyford.

The river now flows through one of its richest valleys, and the next important place we come to is Medmenham Abbey, a most interesting and picturesque ruin. Passing through Hambledon Lock, leaving Greenlands (the seat of the late Mr. W. H. Smith) on the right, we reach Fawley Court, and its temple, on a pretty island near Henley, well known at regatta time.

Then we arrive at Henley, with its graceful bridge of five arches. Continuing on the right, we approach Park Place, one of the cultivated “lions” of the Thames, and famous for the beauty of its site, and the growth and variety of its trees. Passing through Marsh Lock, we come to Shiplake on the right, and the charming Wargrave on the left.

Shiplake Lock is now passed, and soon one of the very prettiest villages on the Thames is reached—Sonning—whose cottages, covered with climbing plants—the old-fashioned honeysuckle, the time-honoured jasmine, and sweet clematis—are the delight of artists.

Going through Sonning Lock, the river becomes somewhat uninteresting until Caversham Lock is passed, but from that point all its interest returns; and between Tilehurst and Mapledurham Lock, on each side, the scenery is as beautiful as ever. At Mapledurham there is one view which not only includes the ferry, lock, and weir, but the mossy old mill embosomed in rich foliage, from which rises the grey church tower—a painter's paradise.

Between Mapledurham Lock and Pangbourne is Hardwick House, where Charles I. spent much of his time in the troublesome period that preceded his fall. On the lawn are noble specimens of cedar, oak, elm, and plane.

Pangbourne is our next point, a very favourite resort of boating men, and high in favour for its fishing. Opposite is Whitchurch, the villages being united by a bridge a little above the lock.

Passing through the lock, having beautiful views stretching for some distance on both sides, we come out upon the open river, where the valley on the left is closed in by the high Berkshire Downs, and so reach the twin villages of Streatley and Goring—the former in Berkshire,

the latter in Oxfordshire—joined by a long picturesque bridge, from which a fine view is obtained of the river with its graceful windings.

Having arrived here, the task that was undertaken—namely, to trace the river from Windsor to Goring—is finished: a task which it is admitted is far from complete or perfect. All that has been attempted is to speak of, and point out, the most salient features of a strikingly beautiful portion of the ever beautiful Thames.

CHAPTER VII.

Stoke Park, Slough: Stoke Poges Church—The Drive from Slough to Stoke Park—The old Manor House—Landseer's Studio—Design for the Running-deer Target—Mr. Coleman's Landseers—Landseer's Work between 1809 and 1871—The red Deer in the Park—Mr. Coleman's Scheme for Photographing Them—Stoke Poges Church—The Grille Removed—Gray's Grave—The Church from the South-west—The wooden Spire.

I PROPOSE, as they are both on the way to Burnham Beeches when driving from Slough, to introduce the reader to Stoke Park and Stoke Poges Church, which are well worth knowing.

Having travelled from Paddington to Slough, a carriage should be taken at the latter place, and the driver instructed to cross the bridge over the railway just beyond the station; he would otherwise take a road which I do not intend he should.

After driving a mile or so, a road (not a bridle one) turns to the left, leading to the "Lion" gates of Stoke Park. By this the driver should

go, and when the gates are reached he must turn sharp to the right. Then, for about half a mile, there is as charming an example of a lane as can be seen in Buckinghamshire, a county which is famous for its picturesque roads. Overhead the branches of the trees, growing on each side of the road, meet, forming themselves into fantastic arches, pierced here and there by sunlight.

A wicket-gate to the left is then reached; close by is the Gray Memorial, which has not one artistic recommendation, being the product of days when design and architecture had reached a very low depth.

Nevertheless, taking it for what it is, step sufficiently back to make it the extreme left of a composition, of which Stoke Poges Church is the right, the centre being Stoke Park, and its house in the distance. Seen on a favourable day, no more thoroughly English scene can be conceived.

Stoke Park, beyond its own natural wealth of beauty, possesses the historical charm of association with both Gray, the poet, and William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania.

In the park, and near the church, is the Old Manor House, or rather, a remnant of it, where, as Gray relates in "The Long Story," Queen Elizabeth visited Sir Edward Coke, and danced with "my grave Lord-Keeper." The house is covered with ivy, through which, rich in colour from age, the beautiful bricks of the period are seen.

When I first knew Stoke Park it was owned by a descendant of William Penn. The house was designed by Wyatt, and built about 1790. It lacks architectural beauty, but its interior, especially for entertainments and receptions, is perfect.

After Mr. Penn's tenure it became the property of Lord Taunton, and was purchased from him by the late Mr. C. J. Coleman, who devoted himself to improving and beautifying the house and park. The latter and the pleasure grounds were marvels of care and attention, and I, who am intimate with the best known places in the country, believe that few of them could vie with Stoke for the perfection with which it was kept.

Mr. Coleman was a liberal patron of the arts, and at one period Stoke could not be excelled in the way of pictures, china, tapestry, and

furniture. He and Sir Edwin Landseer were fast friends, and the latter frequently stayed at Stoke, using the banqueting-hall of the Old Manor House for a studio, where he painted several pictures. There he commenced and finished a splendid drawing, in red crayon, of a stag and deerhound, life size, both going at full speed.

In the year 1864 Lord Elcho, as President of the National Rifle Association, applied to Landseer for the outline of a stag for the Running Deer target at Wimbledon, which he consented to supply, repeating exactly the outline of Mr. Coleman's stag. It was from this drawing that the makers fashioned that well-known target. Well known as it is, I wonder how many Volunteers are aware that Sir Edwin Landseer designed it.

Speaking of Mr. Coleman's picture, I may say that it, and three other Landseers, were sold at Christie's, in May, 1881, for £20,212 10s.—that is:—Stag and deerhound, named "The Chase," £5,250; "Digging Out the Otter," £3,097 10s.; "Man Proposes, God Disposes—Polar Bears finding the relics of the Franklin Expedition,"

£6,615; "Well-bred Sitters that never say they are bored," £5,250.

It may be interesting to know that "Digging Out the Otter" was, at Landseer's death, unfinished, and at the sale of his works in 1874 it fetched £640 10s. Millais afterwards put in the figures and finished it, thereby increasing its value by £2,457!*

One of the attractions of Stoke Park was its splendid red deer. Speaking of these, Mr. Coleman once said, "I wish you would photograph them; look at that lovely group under the trees, and just think what reputation it would bring you if you succeeded. Now, do try; I am sure it could be done."

* Speaking of the sale of these pictures, I append the following note :—Edwin Landseer was born March 7th, 1802, and died October 1st, 1873. A valuable and very useful catalogue of his works has been compiled by Mr. Algernon Graves, and from this is gathered the fact that his earliest known work bears the date of 1809, at which time he was seven years old, and that from that period to 1873, with the exception of the years 1855, 1863, and 1871—sixty-one years—he produced 590 pictures and drawings—a stupendous work. Those which were in his possession at the time of his death were sold at Christie's, May 8th, 1874, and the seven following days, realising £69,709 9s.

I smiled. I pictured myself with my camera, and its big black cloth on it, attempting to approach animals proverbially so shy. Nevertheless, I determined to make an effort to carry out Mr. Coleman's desire, hopeless as I believed it would be. So, on a lovely summer's day, I went to Stoke and started with Mr. Coleman to find the deer. In a quiet shady glade we espied them, and then I alone cautiously approached, but, as expected, when I was by far at too great a distance, they took alarm and off they sped. Well, we marked them down and made another attempt, but this time they did not allow me to come as near them as I did at first. And this went on until both Mr. Coleman and I were hot and tired, and at last I abandoned all hope of getting the deer to allow themselves to be the subjects of my camera.

Not so Mr. Coleman, though he kept his purpose and intention to himself, and quietly and perseveringly, for nearly twelve months, worked out his scheme—a scheme the result of which, when perfect, he invited me to witness. And I shall never forget what I saw, it was so startlingly surprising. Standing on the garden

terrace, overlooking the park, I heard a peculiar call made by a man some two or three hundred yards away. Beyond him was the clear bright lake; and beyond that, on the high ground, were ranged the herd of red deer. In reply to the man's call, at high speed the whole of the herd reached the far bank of the lake, dashed into it, swam across, and then cantered towards the man, who, turning round as they neared him, walked slowly towards the terrace where I stood, the deer following him. I then noticed that on his shoulder the man carried a bag, which evidently contained something the deer were in expectation of having. Nearer and nearer man and deer came, until at last they were close to the terrace, the entire herd being within fifteen or twenty yards of me, some even nearer. The man sat down under the terrace, and from time to time repeated the call that first attracted the deer; and there they stood, grouped around him in a manner that would have ravished Landseer to have witnessed.

This was the scheme Mr. Coleman devised on the day of my failure:—He had, in the first place, employed the man I have mentioned to

scatter some Indian corn near where the deer were, until, having become accustomed to that, he adopted his bag and call, and they followed him about.

I was so struck with all I had witnessed that I could not rest, and the next day, therefore, went with my camera to Stoke, and from the terrace obtained several groups of the deer, which, in their way, are unequalled, and can never be done again, except under circumstances equally favourable. There are individual stags in my group that are lessons which animal painters should but too gladly take to heart.

I introduced the reader to Stoke Park by the wicket-gate, close to the Gray Memorial, from which a path goes direct to the church. A few years ago an iron railing, or grille, separated the churchyard from the adjoining ground. How I did battle against that grille! How I sought to move and influence the then owner of the property to alter it!

My scheme was to give more ground to the churchyard, and in lieu of the hideous railing make a hawhaw, that is, a ditch or sunk fence, on the church side perpendicular and on the

opposite ground forming an angle of about forty degrees, so that the top level of the ground on each side would be the same, and the excavation invisible until one is close to it.

This was a pet plan of mine, and I was constantly advocating it, but I discovered that there were certain difficulties which at that time made it impossible of fulfilment.

At last these difficulties were overcome, and some three years ago, it was with pleasure and gratification I heard from the vicar of Stoke (November 17th, 1887) that "an additional piece of ground to the churchyard had the day before been consecrated, and instead of the old iron rails for fence, we have now a sunken fence of flint stones with ditch, and a most beautiful lychgate, the latter the gift of Mr. Gilliat, designed by Mr. J. Oldrid Scott. You, of all others, will be pleased to see the great improvement."

Fully appreciating, as I do, the importance of the alteration thus announced, I consider that all who take an interest in the church of Gray's immortal "Elegy," are under obligations to Mr. Algernon Gilliat, and the owner of Stoke Park, and all others who have assisted in the good work.

Passing through this new lych-gate, the beautiful churchyard is entered. All who know that sad but exquisite "Elegy," must feel the keenest interest kindle when standing in that calm, quiet, solitary "God's-acre"—

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

Near the east window of the ivy-covered church there is an ancient tomb, where lie the remains of the poet, his mother, and his aunt. Close by the gabled porch is an aged yew tree, which, no doubt, gave expression to Gray's words, "that yew tree's shade;" and there under and around it are the old graves where—

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Every visitor, after inspecting the church, should go to the extreme south-west corner of the churchyard, and, standing back to the wall, look at the church from there, especially at its grand and strikingly-beautiful gabled roof.

With regard to the church, there is yet one improvement I should like to see carried out, one which I shall strive to keep before those

who might be likely to undertake it. I want to see the wooden spire removed. It is modern, probably erected about seventy years ago, is quite out of place, and thoroughly destroys the original character of the church. I remember once seeing a charming drawing by Birket Foster, in which the church is without the spire, the gain in picturesqueness being most obvious.

CHAPTER VIII.

Burnham Beeches: The Drive from Stoke Poges Church—Richard Brinsley Sheridan and George Grote—"History Hut."—The Beeches Unique—The Reason for this—An interesting Point—My first Visit with the Camera—Negatives taken—The Age of the Beeches considered in a Letter to the *Times*—A Discovery—The Beeches put up for Sale—Subsequently bought by the Corporation of the City of London—Girth of some of the Trees—"Autumn" blown down—Lines by Henry Luttrell and Mortimer Collins—A Mistake in the Management.

It is a beautiful drive from Stoke Poges Church to the beeches—an example again of the charming Buckinghamshire lanes: how bright and beautiful are the hedgerows and banks, and how glorious are the wild flowers! Scarcely anywhere can be seen such a wealth of the dog-rose and honeysuckle.

After passing through Farnham Royal, a short drive, East Burnham is reached, where are two houses of historic interest—East Burnham House (formerly East Burnham Cottage), and History Hut. Mr. James Thorne in his

“Handbook to the Environs of London,” says, “It was to East Burnham Cottage to which Richard Brinsley Sheridan brought his lovely young bride (Miss Linley) after their furtive flight to Paris, and from which several of his letters, printed in Moore’s ‘Life of Sheridan,’ are addressed. This house was purchased by George Grote in the spring of 1838, when it was enlarged and other land added to it, and then it became East Burnham House. It was in this house Grote ‘laid out the scheme’ of his ‘History of Greece,’ and wrote a large part of it. Here he resided until 1852, when, writes Mrs. Grote in her ‘Collected Papers,’ ‘I caused a small Elizabethan house to be built in Popple’s Park, and also a range of farm buildings and a labourer’s cottage.’” The house was built from the profits accruing from the “History,” and hence was playfully named History Hut. The Grotes sold the property in January, 1858, after having resided in the hamlet, with one short interval, for twenty years.

Within a short distance of East Burnham House are the beeches, and immediately on entering the forest, some of the largest of the old trees are seen.

In the year 1840 I was staying with some friends near Gerrard's Cross, when the daughter of the house—an excellent walker and an admirer of sylvan scenery—offered to take me to Burnham Beeches, five miles or so away. It was a lovely autumn morning when we started.

My introduction to and my first knowledge of the beeches is indelibly impressed on my memory. At this moment I know well all the most celebrated forests and woods in the country, but, to this day, I say that Burnham can well hold its own, and that its beeches are absolutely unique.

Let me give a reason for this opinion, an opinion which will have the support of all artists who have made those grand trees their study, and the subject of their pictures.

I think I know thoroughly the whole of the New Forest, could walk without map or directions to all its best trees; I know, too, Sherwood Forest, and the "Dukeries;" the splendid oaks which are upon the property of Lord Manvers at Thoresby; and some of those which belong to the Duke of Portland.

At Thoresby I have marvelled at the size

and beauty of the old trees and at their clean, straight boles, with a girth that is surprising. How stupendous they are! Walk from the palatial residence at Thoresby to the Buck Gates in the park, and take note of the oaks that are close by, especially those near the gates, which are as fine as any in Sherwood Forest. Then enter the forest and follow the road; right and left trees will be seen that the tree-lover will never forget. A short way on, and the "Queen Oak" comes in view, the grandest and most perfect of them all. Just consider these dimensions: 33 feet round (four feet from the ground), the circumference of the branches being 275 feet.* A little further on is the old patriarch "Simon the Forester," a most picturesque tree.

Welbeck Abbey I know, though not so well, but have no doubt equally fine oaks will be found there. Near the abbey, very many years ago, an act of vandalism ruined one of the grandest of them. A former owner, in an inexcusable moment, speaking of that tree, said he would have an

* Its bole is hollow—twelve persons having been within it at the same time.

opening cut in its bole, through which he would drive a coach and four horses. This was done to the letter, and now the poor old tree on all sides is supported by chains and poles, and though it is true that its branches yearly put forth leaves, it is but too clear that this is done with an effort, and that the end is not very remote.

Then as to the New Forest: let any one put himself into the hands of a good guide, obtainable at the "Rose and Crown," Brockenhurst, and some of the finest trees in this country will be pointed out to him, especially oak and horse-chestnut.

But all such specimens there, as well as at Thoresby and Welbeck, are natural grown, symmetrical trees, and in themselves are as perfect as Dame Nature can produce. But that is not the condition of the trees at Burnham. There, for some unascertainable reason and at a date which cannot be fixed, nearly every one of the big trees was pollarded. I believe I am correct in saying that, of all the trees of great size, there are only about three which have not been so treated. It is this pollarding which gives to the beeches the unique character I spoke of.

Suppose a beech to have reached a great age

and size, and suppose it is then pollarded—that is, all its limbs and branches are cut off down to the bole, or to that part of it from which each of them sprung. And then what occurs is this: the power is retained of producing as much sap as was done when it was an un-mutilated tree, this supply being, of course, far in excess of the requirements of the bole, now that all its limbs and branches have been cut away. Then new shoots are started all around the upper part of the bole, and these, in process of years, become immense limbs, but even they can utilise but little of the sap that is yearly supplied. I believe, therefore, that all those knotted, gnarled, and fantastically contorted boles—the delight of the artist—owe their origin to this excess of sap.

It should be mentioned that all the pollarded trees at Burnham are hollow, indeed, are mere shells, which adds to their picturesqueness. This phenomenon is also, I venture to think, in some measure due to their mutilation, and I found this belief on the fact that the few trees I have alluded to as not having been pollarded are entirely sound.

Here, now, comes in a point which has always struck me with the greatest wonder. Let anyone look at the magnificent limbs that circle the upper part of the bole of each tree ; take heed of the way and direction they originally started ; see how frequently they first grow out at right angles to the bole, and then, starting upwards, attain a height of fifty feet or thereabouts, many of these limbs being equal in dimensions to large trees. Now bear in mind that the bole is a mere shell, and at the point of attachment of each limb is but a few inches thick. How surprising it is, then, that a foundation so apparently weak can sustain the immense weight of the limbs, for, in effect, these latter act upon the space included in those few inches—especially in the case of a limb which starts at right angles to the place of its attachment—as would an immensely powerful lever. Many of these limbs weigh several tons, and it should be remembered that the bole has also to bear the additional strain of the weight of the foliage and the force of winds acting thereon.

I have never heard this point mentioned ; it is one, though, which I cannot help thinking is

well worth the consideration of those who can calculate the weight of one of those big limbs, and (which is more important and interesting) the *strain with which it acts upon the place of its attachment*.

I have written the foregoing for the purpose of showing why, in my belief as an artist, this old forest commends itself to all admirers of picturesque and sylvan scenery. How grand the old place was when I first knew it; and indeed, for the matter of that, for years and years afterwards! Its natural beauties and its quiet glades were then unrivalled. I have wandered through its grassy ways and into its depths—where all was wild and weird—day after day, without meeting with human life; to quote Gray, “I spy no human thing in it but myself.” At that time it was a place only known to the dwellers in the immediate neighbourhood, or to those who rode through it occasionally with the Queen’s Buckhounds. How many a hunted stag has sought for sanctuary in its shadowed dells!

Of course, I am now writing of a period long antecedent to the advent of photography and to the time when, full of hope and enthusiasm, I

first took my camera to the Beeches. This I did in the spring of 1861. I was accompanied by the most zealous of amateurs—the Hon. William Vernon, who afterwards highly distinguished himself for his landscape photographs.

How we both revelled in the glories of that first day—a day upon which I secured a negative I named “Spring,” the first of my “Four Seasons;” the remaining three being done—“Winter” in 1869, and “Summer” and “Autumn” in 1873, all being examples of the finest trees in the forest. It is more than a satisfaction to me to be able to say that my “Seasons” were a great success, and, I may add, that they are now known wherever England’s woodlands are appreciated.

In the year 1873 I obtained the two negatives “The Brave Old Oak” and “Elder Brethren.” The former is a magnificent tree, and girths—three feet from the ground—23 feet. “Elder Brethren” are two very beautiful old trees, growing in close proximity to each other.

But it was not merely for the subjects here named I went to the Beeches; for days upon days, with the utmost gratification and

pleasure, I worked amongst my patriarchal friends.

Being thus constantly associated with them, it was "borne in upon me" to try to learn something of their history ; some facts as to their age ; something, indeed, about them that would be worth relating. I knew there was a belief that this forest formed part of the primeval wood which once stretched from the Thames to the Severn ; but I wanted to find out something that was reliable.

In my efforts to accomplish the task I had set myself every means of information that I had at command were exhausted, working, too, with no small amount of diligence, perseverance, and interest.

Amongst the dwellers in the district there is, to this day, a legend that the beeches were pollarded by Cromwell's army. Much has been laid to Cromwell's account, but I think I can show that this charge, at least, is without foundation, and for the purpose of doing so I reprint a letter which I addressed to the editor of the *Times* on October 6th, 1883, three days after the dedication of Burnham Beeches, by the Corporation of the City of London, to the public:—

“WHAT AGE ARE THE BURNHAM BEECHES?

“SIR,—Nearly every article written on the dedication ceremony of last Wednesday mentioned the tradition of Burnham Beeches having been pollarded by Cromwell's army, a tradition, in my estimation, as equally without foundation as some other devastations that are ascribed to it. In the poet Gray's letter to Horace Walpole, dated September, 1737, he speaks of these trees as ‘most venerable beeches, that like most other ancient people are always dreaming out their stories to the winds:’—

‘And as they bow their hoary tops relate
In murmuring sounds the dark decrees of fate,
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf and swarm on every bough.’

Clearly Gray is here using the word ‘venerable’ to describe not the boles merely, but the limbs and boughs, or he would not speak of their ‘hoary tops.’ Now let us take some date of the Cromwellian period, say that of the Battle of Worcester, 1650, and it will be seen that between this and Gray's letter there are only eighty-

seven years, a period insufficient for the pollarded trees to have grown 'venerable' limbs.

"Gray's letter, it will be observed, was written 146 years ago. I myself have known Burnham Beeches forty-six years, and during this time, in my belief, the boles of the great trees have scarcely in any way changed ; at all events, there is no perceptible change, for they were just as much mere shells when I first knew them as they are now. At the time, too, of my early acquaintance with them, I remarked within the hollows some formations and characteristics that have to this day in no way altered. Beyond this I used to find out all the very old people of the district, and learnt that within their knowledge of them these trees appeared in no way changed ; that they were hollow when they were young, and, more than that, their fathers described and spoke of them as hollow trees when they were children.

"Of course it may be said that this is traditional, but as my own forty-six years of watching and observation is not, I think the evidence of the old people I actually saw and talked to may be allowed ; and say that one of these was eighty years

of age, then eighty and forty-six together would bring us to within twenty years of the date of Gray's letter. From this I evolve the theory that the boles were in his day much as they are now ; and this being so, I argue that the pollarding occurred long prior to Gray's or Cromwell's period, and I believe that whenever it was done the trees were full grown. Such being the case, the age that has been accorded them in the various articles that have lately been written—viz., 400 or 500 years—is obviously a great deal too little. It would not surprise me should it be discovered that these veritable giants of old were trees at the time of the Norman Conquest.

“ I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“ VERNON HEATH.

“ 43, Piccadilly, Oct. 6, 1883.”

While engaged in the investigations I undertook, with the hope of finding something reliable as to the age of these old trees (in which, by the way, I had not the least success), I made a most interesting discovery. In one part of the Beeches, a part which is little known to or visited by the

general public, there are the remains of a very ancient mote, which, to the peasants and others in the neighbourhood, is known as "Harlequin's Mote." These remains are evidently so old that I never could understand why the mote was so named, "harlequin" being relatively a modern word. Once I was examining some old deeds and documents that had been lent me, hoping to find something that would bear upon the age question, when, to my surprise and pleasure, I discovered in one of them that the mote was there spoken of as "Hardicanute's," this, no doubt, being its original name; and most probably it was one of the places of defence the Danish king made when, on the death of his brother, the first Harold, he was on his way to seize the crown of England.

And now I approach a time, the spring of 1879, which, for artists and all lovers of sylvan scenery, as well as those who delight in open spaces, was very grave and serious. When I first knew the Beeches they were part of the Dropmore Estate, then owned by Lady Grenville, the lady who in her grounds acclimatised the deodar, the araucaria or puzzle-monkey, and the Douglas

pine. At this moment the finest specimens of those trees in this country are to be seen at Dropmore.

On Lady Grenville's death the property came into the hands of Mr. Fortescue, who, after some years' possession, advertised the Burnham Beeches estate for sale.

The effect upon my mind when I discovered that the whole district was to be sold was astounding. I at once wrote to the editor of the *World* a paragraph that sounded the first note of alarm; then followed my letters to the *Times*, *Morning Post*, and *Daily Telegraph*. Leaders were written advocating the purchase of the Beeches for the use of the public, although to no purpose, for the property was duly put up, but fortunately bought in.

Then a namesake of mine, Mr. Francis George Heath, who himself had laboured for years for the preservation of open spaces, came upon the scene, and he, knowing that which I did not—viz., that under the Open Spaces Act the Corporation of the City of London had purchasing powers, asked them to come forward and save Burnham Beeches.

The Corporation consented ; but then arose a serious difficulty. The funds at their disposal were, by the Act, limited to the purchase of open spaces, and within the district of the Beeches there were several portions that were enclosed.

It was here Sir Henry Peek co-operated, and his public-spirited help conquered the difficulty. Sir Henry volunteered to purchase the Burnham Beeches estate in its entirety, and re-sell the unenclosed portions to the City Corporation.

This scheme was carried out, and thus it fell to the lot of the Corporation, on the 10th July, 1879, to buy, and dedicate to the use of the public, one of the most interesting and beautiful of their many purchases, not even excepting that which they had previously made—Epping Forest.

On the 12th July, 1879, I wrote the following letter to the *Times* :—

“SIR,—Much as, during many years, I have written and spoken of Burnham Beeches, upon no occasion have I had cause to feel greater satisfaction than now that the action of the Corporation of the City of London has saved them from sale,

and probably from destruction ; and, to quote the words of your own report of the meeting of the Court of the Common Council, 'preserved them for the permanent enjoyment of the public.'

"I cannot help feeling that the nation is greatly indebted to the Corporation for their patriotic determination ; for, under proper care and supervision, this lovely woodland will become the most charming of all the places that have been purchased for the enjoyment of the public.

"To me, sir, it is extremely gratifying to know that the preservation of these beeches—veritable 'giants of old'—has been decreed, and the public may well be congratulated upon this valuable acquisition to their pleasure and recreation.

"I am, &c.,

"VERNON HEATH."

It was my privilege to be present at the dedicating ceremony, October 3rd, 1883, a ceremony which the Provost and officials of Eton College brought to a satisfactory termination by asking those who witnessed it to a luncheon in their grand old College Hall.

Probably there is nothing in my "Recollections" which gives me greater satisfaction than to recall the fact that, in some slight way, I was instrumental in saving the glorious Burnham Beeches from the hands of the builder.

The grandest of all the trees in the forest was the one that was the subject of my "Autumn;" indeed, it was larger than any of its brethren, its girth 3 feet from the ground being 33 feet, and its branches covered more ground than did that of any other tree in the Beeches.

There are many boles at Burnham which girth from 22 to 27 feet. One tree had only half its bole left and this half measured 16 feet. This interesting specimen was unfortunately burnt, it is believed, either by gipsies or by a picnic party making a fire within it. This is a risk the old trees run, for the keepers and watchers have constantly to order fires to be put out which, inconsiderately and unpardonably, have, for the purpose of boiling a kettle, been lighted in the old boles.

But the greatest enemy to my old friends is the wind, which has laid low many of them and played sad havoc with several others.

I was once driving to the Beeches, and met on the road a friend who lived near Farnham Royal. During the whole of the preceding week there had been heavy rains, accompanied by high winds, and my friend hailed me with these words: "Vernon, your 'Autumn' has been blown down!" This I found was but too true, for there, on the ground, lay humbled the mighty giant. He was a great loss to the forest, and, appreciating this, I wrote the next day the following letter to the editor of the *Times* :—

"SIR,—I passed through Burnham Beeches yesterday, and was grieved to find that the monarch of that beautiful woodland had succumbed to the high winds of the last week. What remains of the ancient forest is so picturesque and striking in its decayed and decaying giants that the loss of one of them is a national misfortune.

"For myself I had more than an ordinary interest in the grand old tree whose place I found vacant. He was not only the largest and, as I believe, the patriarch of the place, but the 'Autumn' of my four illustrations of the seasons,

Spring, Summer, and Winter being other old brethren close by.

“I am, &c.,

“VERNON HEATH.

“June 28th, 1875.”

At that time my friend, the genial Mortimer Collins, was alive, and, seeing my letter, he sent to *Punch* the amusing verses here appended. They are, as will be recognised, an imitation of Henry Luttrell's verses, published in the “Keep-sake Annual” so far back as 1829, so both are here printed.

BURNHAM BEECHES, BY HENRY LUTTRELL.

A BARD, dear Muse, unapt to sing,
Your friendly aid beseeches ;
Help me to touch the lyric string
In praise of Burnham Beeches.

What though my tributary lines
Be less like Pope's than Creech's ?
The theme, if not the poet, shines,
So bright are Burnham Beeches.

O'er many a dell and upland walk,
Their sylvan beauty reaches ;
Of Birnam Wood let Scotland talk
While we've our Burnham Beeches.

Oft do I linger, oft return
 (Say who my taste impeaches ?)
Where holly, juniper, and fern
 Spring up round Burnham Beeches.

Though, deep embowered their shades among,
 The owl at midnight screeches,
Birds of far merrier, sweeter song
 Enliven Burnham Beeches.

If "sermons be in stones," I'll bet
 Our vicar, when he preaches,
He'd find it easier far to get
 A hint from Burnham Beeches.

Their glossy rind here winter stains,
 Here the hot solstice bleaches.
Bow, stubborn oaks ! bow, graceful planes !
 Ye match not Burnham Beeches.

Gardens may boast a tempting show
 Of nectarines, grapes, and peaches,
But daintiest truffles lurk below
 The boughs of Burnham Beeches.

Poets and painters hither hie—
 Here ample room for each is—
With pencil and with pen to try
 His hand at Burnham Beeches.

When monks, by holy Church well schooled
 Were lawyers, statesmen, leeches,

Cured souls and bodies, judged or ruled,
Then flourished Burnham Beeches,

Skirting the convent walls of yore,
As yonder ruin teaches ;
But shaven crown and cowl no more
Shall darken Burnham Beeches.

Here bards have mused ; here lovers true
Have dealt in softest speeches,
While suns declined and, parting, threw
Their gold o'er Burnham Beeches.

O, ne'er may woodman's axe resound,
Nor tempest making breaches,
In the sweet shade that cools the ground
Beneath our Burnham Beeches.

Hold ! Though I'd fain be jingling on,
My power no further reaches.
Again that rhyme ? Enough ; I've done.
Farewell to Burnham Beeches !

From " Punch," July 10, 1875.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

THE " Monarch " tree we've sat beneath,
With fun and " fizz " and peaches,
Has vanished, *teste* Vernon Heath,
From glorious Burnham Beeches.

That patriarch of the pollard wood
Stout arms no longer reaches,
Chief of that mighty multitude—
The famous Burnham Beeches.

Beneath it, lady of my heart,
I've made you pretty speeches
While you were eating damson tart
In the shade of Burnham Beeches.

Champagne's been popped—the question too
(We know how love beseeches).
Oh, what said I, and what said you,
That day at Burnham Beeches?

I think I quoted Luttrell's lines
(Epigrammatic each is),
When amorous were my designs
On you 'mid Burnham Beeches.

Homeward we drove our four-in-hand
Just when the owl first screeches.
A moonlit midnight's very grand
'Neath sombre Burnham Beeches.

You sat beside me on the box.
Alas, experience teaches
That hearts succumb to heavy knocks
As well as Burnham Beeches.

Your Patriarch, O photographer!
Wide arms no longer reaches;

And she is married to a cur—

Confound those Burnham Beeches !

In concluding this account of Burnham Beeches—a subject in which it will be seen I feel the greatest interest—it is impossible for me to resist saying that the very happiest hours of my life have been spent in the dear old place—spent in its glorious sunny glades, with their lovely undergrowth of bracken, heather, bramble, and furze ; or in the welcome shade of the venerable trees.

I trust that for very many years the old forest will be the resort of artists, as well also of the thousands who rejoice because so charming and interesting an open space has been “dedicated for ever to public use.”

Since the above was in MS. I have been to the Beeches, and cannot help feeling that a serious mistake has been made by those who are responsible for the management there. I refer to the roads which have been constructed, and which traverse the district in various directions.

Why, I ask, is one of the few unaltered vestiges of old English scenery to be vulgarised by highways intersecting the lovely glades so

dear to all who appreciate and are intimate with the Beeches?

No one who can recall its condition twenty years ago can contemplate without regret such a desecration. The venerable trees were but a part of the charm and beauty of the place: how, in those days, a series of views unfolded themselves as one rambled through the forest glades, and followed paths that could only be traced with difficulty! Why, then, have these roads and highways been made?

CHAPTER IX.

The last Portraits of the Prince Consort: Four Negatives taken—A Dispute arises—Death of the Prince—The Trial—Its ultimate Result—Method of reproducing Negatives.

IN July, 1861, Sir Charles Phipps sent for me to Buckingham Palace, to tell me the Prince Consort had been applied to by the Statistical Society for a portrait of himself for their journal; and he added that, as His Royal Highness wanted one for a purpose of his own, he intended to come to me. This was unusual, it being the custom in those days for the artist to go to the palace.

On the 10th of July I received this letter:—

“DEAR SIR,—H.R.H. the Prince Consort will be at your house, 43, Piccadilly, to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock.—Sincerely yours,

“C. RULAND.”

Here should be related what happened just prior to this. There was at that time a Mr.—,

the owner of a monthly periodical in each number of which was given the portrait of some distinguished person. This man had written to the Prince three or four letters soliciting His Royal Highness's consent to sit for a portrait for his publication; but to this request, for want of time, the Prince had been unable to accede.

Unfortunately, between the engagement made with myself and the day the Prince came to me, Mr.—— made another application, to which Sir Charles Phipps replied that His Royal Highness was going to sit to me, and if it turned out that *one* more negative was taken than the Prince required, it might, *by arrangement with me*, be handed over to Mr.——.

When the Prince sat, four negatives were taken, each of which was all that I could desire. The Court, in a day or two, left for Osborne, I being commanded to send proofs of the negatives there.

This was done, and Mr. Ruland, His Royal Highness's secretary, returned them to me with a most methodical, clear letter, which indicated the Prince's wishes.

No. 1 negative was to be sent to the Statistical

Society; No. 2 was to be kept for His Royal Highness's special use; permission was given me to publish No. 3 on my own account; and No. 4 Mr.— might have on paying me for it.

Consequently, Mr.— was written to, and (although there was no need to do so) I enclosed a copy of Mr. Ruland's instructions.

So Mr.— came to Piccadilly, and No. 4 negative being sent for, he was told that upon payment of five guineas it would be his property—an extremely reasonable sum for a negative of such importance.

Mr.— blustered, and declared that he knew, from inquiries made, that two negatives were taken specially for him. I sought to close the interview by directing his attention to Mr. Ruland's instructions; but he bounced and threatened, and declared he would have two or none.

Soon afterwards I received a letter from a solicitor, informing me that Mr.— had instructed him to commence an action against me for two negatives of the Prince Consort. So this action proceeded, and was set down for trial.

On the 14th of the following December the Prince died, and thus it turned out that my

negatives of the preceding July were the last that were taken of His Royal Highness; consequently the one which was offered to Mr.— for five guineas was greatly augmented in value, though, even then, Mr.— was informed he might have it for that sum and the costs his proceedings had occasioned me.

But he was obdurate, and the case was down for trial during the week in which the Prince's funeral took place. Mr. Hawkins—the present judge—was my leading counsel, and he applied to Lord Chief Justice Erle to postpone the trial, on the ground that all my witnesses were officials of the Court. This application the judge granted.

When the trial came on, it lasted all day and late into the evening, the result being a verdict in my favour.

Notice of motion was given for a new trial, but it was not until the following *May* that the matter was argued, and eventually the application was refused.

My bill of costs was then delivered to the plaintiff's solicitor, who thereupon threatened that his client would seek to be relieved of his

liabilities by the intervention of the Bankruptcy Court, and a compromise had to be come to, under which, in the end, I had to pay a large sum for costs.

No more unfair or unjust deed was ever perpetrated than the bringing of this action. I possessed the last, and, as it was conceded, the best portraits of the Prince Consort, but Mr.—'s proceedings wholly prevented their circulation for nine months, so that all advantages pertaining to the negatives were lost; for by the time that I was in a position to issue the prints public interest in them had all but died out.

One thing, however, in connection with these portraits is worth relating. When the Prince died, I turned my attention to considering by what means—anticipating a great demand for the photographs—I could most satisfactorily reproduce the negatives.

This I accomplished by making, in the camera, a transparency of the negative—that is, *a print on glass* instead of, as in the ordinary way, on paper—and then, in a like manner, using this transparency to make negatives.

I mention this because this process, with some

modifications, ultimately became an important one in the enlargement of negatives ; indeed, at this moment it is the only process used both for landscape and portrait enlargements. My large landscapes, on plates 53 by 43 inches, are made from a transparency 12 by 10 inches.

I do not absolutely claim to have originated this method, because I have been taught by experience that several investigators may, contemporaneously, be occupied on the same work. But even if this were so with regard to this enlarging process, it is unquestionably the fact that I read a paper on this particular method at a meeting of the Photographic Society of London, held at King's College in March, 1862, which was published in the Society's journal. I claim, therefore, that this was *the first and earliest public announcement* of enlarging from negatives by the use of a transparency.

CHAPTER X.

My first Visit to Scotland : The Rev. D. K. Drummond—How I discharged a Debt—Letters of Introduction—Houses and Scenery in the Neighbourhood of Crieff—A Peasant's Cottage—An old Woman and Her Spinning-wheel—Ochertyre—Sir William Murray—The beautiful Situation of the House—The Mausoleum, "one Foot in the Grave"—The last Encumbrance paid off—Sir William's Death.

In the year 1861 I made the acquaintance of the Rev. D. K. Drummond, a celebrated preacher of Edinburgh, whose name was a household word in Scotland.

As occupation and as an amusement he had taken to photography, and when I first knew him he ranked as one of the best of the amateurs.

At that time I had not the intimate knowledge of Scotland I possess now. I did not know its lovely lochs and rugged mountains, its wood-clad hills and dense forests, its delicious glens, through which course rippling burns and rapid rivers.

I told Mr. Drummond this, who answered :

“Go to Scotland, accompanied by your camera, and I will guarantee you a reception that you will not easily forget.”

At the present time there are parts of Scotland that are known to me as well as are the upper reaches of the Thames; further than that, no words of mine can be a sufficient acknowledgment of the hospitality and attention I received from all Scotchmen and Scotchwomen whose acquaintance it has been my privilege to make.

For hospitality, it is my belief that the Scottish nation equals any that exists; and this remark is applied not only to the owners of well-known places, not only to the possessors of moors and deer forests, but to peasants, keepers, and gillies; my conviction being that, whether in castle or mansion, in gillie's cottage or shepherd's bothie; hospitality, though necessarily different in degree, is truly and thoroughly hearty.

Many years I have thought of this, and now, in writing of Scotland and her people, my first duty is to acknowledge the kindnesses that have been shown me. I know that such an acknowledgment is, and must be, inadequate; but being

sincerely made, I trust that, in some slight measure, I discharge a debt which, from the time I incurred it, has lain lightly and pleasantly on my shoulders.

To return to Mr. Drummond. I confess that when we talked of Scotland in the spring of 1861, and he spoke of the many introductions he would give me, it was difficult for me to hope that an advantage of such consequence would be realised.

But it was so, for early in the following August he wrote telling me that he was leaving Scotland for some time, but adding that he hoped I had made up my mind to go there; and directing me in that case to call at the post office at Edinburgh, where I should find letters of introduction.

This determined my plans. At the post office a large packet was given to me, enclosing letters to some of the best-known people in Perthshire; among them, taking them in the order in which they were to be used, were notes to Mr. Maxtone Graham of Cultoquhey, Crieff; the Duke of Athole; Lady Ann Drummond; Sir William Murray of Ochtertyre; Lord Willoughby de

Eresby, Drummond Castle; Sir David Baird of Comrie; Mr. Carnegie of Stronvar, Balquhiddy; and several others. Indeed, there were so many that it would have needed six months to have utilised them.

Leaving Edinburgh for Crieff, where Mr. Maxtone Graham, my first Scotch host, sent for me, I was driven to Cultoquhey, a modern house in the Scotch style, centrally situated, and within a drive of several mansions and seats and of good Highland scenery.

Monzie Castle is one of these mansions, and when I first knew it was the property of Mr. Alexander Campbell, a noted Highlander and sportsman. In the grounds behind the house are five of the oldest larch trees in Scotland, the circumference of one being 19 feet 7 inches at three feet from the ground.*

Abercainey, the home of the ancient family of Drummond Moray, is also near. The most important place in the district is Drummond Castle, the original seat of the noble family of

* I cannot refrain from a word of praise for Messrs. A. and C. Black's excellent "Guide to Scotland," full as it is of varied and highly interesting information.

Perth, but now the property of Lord Willoughby de Eresby. Standing on a rock, it was built about the year 1490, and partly demolished in 1689; being, long subsequently, sufficiently repaired to render it habitable.

The first tour the Queen and the late Prince Consort made in the Highlands was in 1842, upon which occasion they here visited Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby. It was then His Royal Highness had his first experience of Scotch deer-stalking and other Highland sports, Campbell of Monzie being invited to accompany him.

From the keep are charming views; for thirty miles round there is an unbroken sweep of strath, forest, and mountain.

One of the chief features of the grounds which adjoin the castle is the Dutch garden with its many terraces and statues.

Bearing in mind how far we are north, it is striking and interesting to note the giant fuchsias and other delicate plants that flourish so luxuriantly against the old wall. This is due to the fact that the neighbourhood of Crieff, protected as it is by the hills on its north side, is singularly mild.

Besides two deer forests, one of them being that above Glen Artney—always celebrated for its heavy stags—Drummond Castle possesses many thousand acres of moor, and excellent salmon and trout fishing.

In the neighbourhood of Cultoquhey I had my earliest experience of the scenery of Perthshire. Close by are two celebrated moors—Monzie and Glen Almond, known as the Sma' Glen. My work commenced in the latter, which struck me as being most picturesque. The hills right and left of my standpoint gave, on the one hand, seven planes of distance, on the other five, closed in the centre by a hill so distant that it appeared like a cloud, while through the glen wound the swift brown-stained Almond.

The road continues north along the banks of the Almond, or Almain Water, as Wordsworth calls it in his beautiful and expressive stanzas relating to the tradition that Ossian was buried there—

“In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian in the narrow glen.”

I obtained in the Sma' Glen and along the

banks of the Almond four or five negatives, and came away well satisfied and much delighted with my first work amidst the hills of Scotland.

While staying at Cultoquhey, I found in the village of Monzie an old, dilapidated, but very picturesque peasant's cottage. It was a feast to the eye of an artist. Built of rough stone, partly hidden by tall, flowering plants, with an old thatched roof, growing out of which was a wealth of weeds—cornflowers and poppies—it was as perfect a subject as could be.

I told Mr. Maxtone Graham of my "find," and suggested that if I could get an old peasant woman, with her spinning-wheel, to sit at the cottage door my picture would be perfect.

I was taken into a village close by Cultoquhey, and there found the very woman I wanted: dress, wheel, indeed everything I could have hoped for.

It was arranged that I was to call in the carriage for her the following afternoon, and this I did. The old dame was ready, but to my great disappointment she had put on her Sabbath

clothes. Half the interest I felt in her vanished, and I had to tell her so.

Pointing to a bundle, she said : " Do ye think I would ride in that braw carriage in my work clothes ? It would be poor manners to the laird." So when we reached the cottage at Monzie she changed her habiliments for those I had first seen her in.

My success was as great with her as it was with the cottage, and in a few months my " Peasant's Cottage in the Highlands " was well known.

I stayed at Cultoquhey a fortnight, greatly enjoying the charming scenery of the district. I had, though, yet to learn the grandeur and impressiveness of Scotland, a lesson that, years afterwards, was taught me by Argyllshire, Aberdeenshire, Rosshire, and the Isle of Skye.

Taking leave of my host and hostess, I left Cultoquhey and went to Sir William Murray, at Ochertyre, a most refined and agreeable man. Ochertyre exceeded anything I knew, at the time, in natural beauty, with its woods, burns, waterfalls, and grandly grown trees.

The house is on high ground, and from the south terrace there are very extensive views ; in the south-west a range of hills, of which Ben Voirlich is king, while on the right are the Aberuchill Hills, near Comrie, and the hills above Glen Artney.

In the grounds is Loch Monzievaird, on the north bank of which stand the remains of a tower erected in the thirteenth century by Comyn of Badenoch. The Vale of the Turret, to the north of Ochertyre, exhibits a variety of romantic scenery, which has been rendered classical by the pen of Burns. While on a visit to Sir William Murray, he wrote the beautiful song "Blithe, blithe, and merry was she," in honour of Miss Euphemia Murray, of Lentrose, a lady whose beauty had acquired for her the appellation of "The Flower of Strathmore."

Not far from the house there are two waterfalls formed by the Turret; the upper one makes its way through a natural opening which it has bored for itself through the rock—a most impressive and romantic scene.

It is curious that, old as is the Murray baronetage (created in 1673), it has always

descended in a direct line, invariably alternating between a Sir William and a Sir Patrick. The heir at the time of my visit was a Patrick.

Two incidents that occurred while I was at Ochertyre are worth relating. In the grounds, probably half a mile from the house, is the family mausoleum, an oblong stone structure, enclosed by iron railings, with an entrance-gate and a path leading to the door. It occupies the site of the old parish church founded by Saint Serf' Monzievaird.

This church was the scene of the tragedy related by Scott in his introduction to the "Legend of Montrose."

During the reign of James IV. a great feud between the powerful families of Drummond and Murray divided Perthshire. The former, being the more numerous and powerful, cooped up eight score of the Murrays in the Kirk of Monzievaird and set fire to it. The wives and children of the ill-fated men, who had also found shelter in the church, perished in the conflagration.

One morning, as we passed the mausoleum, Sir William said he should like to have a photograph of it, and as I was but too glad to comply

with his desire, he and I, in the course of the day, went there with the camera.

Having with care selected my point of view, in order to give effect to the subject, I asked Sir William to go to the door, and pushing it partly open, place himself as if in the act of entering. This he did, putting one foot on the second step *within the door*; figuratively, and really, as it turned out, he was standing *with one foot in the grave*: indeed, when he saw the negative that was the remark he made, and his friends, who afterwards set a high value on the photograph, always so spoke of it.

On the following morning I was walking with Sir William in the valley below the house, and we were talking of it and its surrounding beauties, when I told him that I thought Ochertyre was one of the most lovely places I had ever seen.

"Ah," he answered, "there are few who know the difficulties I have had to face since I succeeded to the property, for at that time it was so heavily encumbered that I could barely see my way out of the entanglement." "But," he added, "only a few weeks ago I had the satisfaction of

discharging the last of those claims, and I am but too thankful to have lived long enough to have done this."

Previously it has been said that amongst the introductions given me by Mr. Drummond was one to Lord Willoughby de Eresby, whose place, Drummond Castle, was within a drive of Ochertyre. Sir William Murray, deeming that it would be an advantage to me, proposed to introduce me himself. So on the morning following the conversation above related, we started in the phaeton for Drummond Castle.

We had not gone far when Sir William referred to the absence of his servant, and added, "I hear that there is scarlet fever in his house, so I thought it advisable he should keep away from his duties for a few days."

Driving through a beautiful country we reached Drummond Castle (of which I shall have much to say when I come to my second visit to Scotland), and I was introduced to both Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby.

On the evening of that day my visit terminated and I went from Ochertyre to St. Fillans, on Loch Earn, taking with me a large

number of negatives which were obtained during my stay.

It was a lovely drive, charming in its way as anything in Scotland, the valley of the Earn being closed in on both sides with beautiful hills. On the way Aberuchill Castle, Dalchonzie, and Dunira mansions, are passed. St. Fillans is a particularly picturesque village situated close to the Earn, where it issues from Loch Earn. The name St. Fillans was that of a great and celebrated Scottish saint, who, it is alleged, possessed a sacred fountain on the top of the singular conical hill which is so conspicuous from the village.

Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to the "Lady of the Lake," writes:—

"Harp of the north ! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillans' spring."

One day, during my stay at St. Fillans, news came to us from Ochtertyre: Sir William, it was stated, was unwell. Two days afterwards the landlord of the inn, who for many years had been his keeper, had to tell me the sad news that his old master was dead! He had taken scarlet fever,

and was ill only a few days. Instantly my mind reverted both to "the one foot in the grave" photograph, and to that morning's conversation in the valley beneath the house.

By all his neighbours in Crieff, and, indeed, in all parts of Perthshire, Sir William Murray's death was mourned as a grievous and deplorable loss.

St. Fillans and its surroundings are very beautiful, and subjects abound that would please the most fastidious artist. I obtained very many most interesting records of its scenery, and, well satisfied with my visit, the time of my absence from London having expired, I turned south, trusting, at some future time, to utilise the remainder of Mr. Drummond's introductions.

CHAPTER XI.

Berry Hill, Taplow : A charming Place—A Cardboard Model is made to represent a House when built—A Baby and Cot—William Millais and the Eel-bucks—Negatives of Natural Clouds—How Used.

IN the summer of 1862 I made the acquaintance of Mr. Noble of Berry Hill, Taplow, who, some years afterwards, became the owner of Park Place, Henley—a beautiful riverside residence.

Berry Hill was a charming place, and kept to perfection. I remember a guest once saying, "It would be such a relief could one find a dead leaf."

It was not a large place—thirty-five acres, a considerable portion of which was meadow-land, being its entire extent; and yet in and about the pleasure-grounds, so thoroughly did they lend themselves to my requirements, that in one week, working with collodion and a dark tent, I obtained eighty-nine negatives.

One of the most interesting experiences of

my photographic life followed a short time afterwards. Mr. Noble at that time was contemplating the erection of a new house in the grounds of Berry Hill, and had employed Mr. Hardwick, R.A., the architect, to make the design, or, to speak accurately, two designs. From these he had two cardboard models made, than which nothing could have been more perfect. They were not only made to scale, but every moulding or projection was represented in relief.

By the aid of one of the designs, Mr. Noble, on the site upon which he proposed to build his house, had had the ground plan accurately staked out.

It was then it occurred to him that, with the help of my camera, I might be able to show how the projected houses would look when built. It was for this I had been sent for.

I was shown the models, and taken to the staked-out site, and while there, a lucky thought struck me. I asked if it was possible to obtain four scaffold poles. Possible! why with such a man as Mr. Noble anything was possible!

The scaffold poles were brought, and I had one erected at corner each of the staked-out

ground: a moment's consideration will demonstrate what this meant, and how, by doing this, my purpose would be served.

Mr. Noble required me to take four views from each of the four points of the compass. It resulted, therefore, that in every one of the negatives so taken—taken, too, at such a distance from the proposed site as I should have adopted had the house been built—the *scaffold poles would appear*.

But not only so: they had far greater value. Take, for instance, any one of the views—say that from the south-west. The distance between the two poles which represented the south front would give the length of that front, while on the west side the distance apart of the two poles would supply the length of that side in perspective.

I then had the models brought to me, and proceeded to photograph them, and having measured the distance between the scaffold poles on, say, the negative from the south-west, in focussing the model I took care that the size of the photograph of it exactly agreed with that measurement.

The double printing was a very simple matter, and in a few words was this: a print was made from one of the "*model*" *negatives*, and then carefully following the outline with scissors, the house was cut out. This was then pasted on to one of the *landscape negatives*, care being taken that it occupied *precisely* the space between the scaffold poles.

Then a print was made from this negative, which, when completed, presented a *bare paper space where the house should be*.

Taking then one of the model negatives, this bare space had to be fitted on to its house; and supposing this adjustment carefully and properly made, and the light's action *limited strictly to printing the house*, the finished photograph would represent the house as built, surrounded by its park-like grounds and trees.

This result was so successfully accomplished that it was impossible for a casual observer to come to any other conclusion than that the photograph was one of a built house. Mr. Noble was well pleased: he sent one of the photographs to a friend who had been a guest at his house seven or eight months before, who,

in writing to acknowledge it, said: "I know how unlimited are your means, but did not know that you were the modern Monte Cristo. Why, it is only a short time since I was with you, and now find that you have built and finished your house."

On the day I took the negatives above described, Mrs. Noble asked me to photograph her baby in its cot, the latter as handsome a thing of its sort as I had ever seen. How little did I think at the time what an interesting part this cot would play hereafter! This, though, will be mentioned in its proper place.

One of the guests at the time I stayed at Berry Hill was Mr. William Millais, Sir John's brother, who amused himself sketching on the river. Between Maidenhead Bridge and that of the railway there were some old but very picturesque eel-bucks, made, as is known, of wicker or cane. Mr. Millais had worked there for two days, his drawing being then unfinished. One morning I was up early and took the camera to the point from which he had made his drawing, and obtained a negative, which, having developed, I brought into the breakfast-room.

Looking at it, Millais exclaimed, "Why, this is positively too disheartening, and enough to drive one mad. Here have I been giving any amount of care and time to my drawing, and you go, and in a few minutes bring back my subject showing a wealth of detail no artist could approach."

While staying at Berry Hill I obtained my first negatives of clouds. There was by far too much wind for landscape work, but the sky was rich with the beautiful forms and colours of clouds, and so it occurred to me to try to photograph them.

My first plate was exposed by taking off and putting on the cap of the lens as quickly as possible, and on developing the plate it was gratifying to find that a strikingly perfect cloud negative had been obtained.

As during the morning the clouds were constantly changing both in form and appearance, my work was continued, several negatives being secured.

In the first place, these negatives were dealt with as merely interesting records of cloud effects, but quickly it was made apparent to me

that there was an application of some importance for them.

My scheme was, by double printing, to combine them with prints made from landscape negatives. This was simply and readily carried out, for as the sky portion of the usual landscape negative is represented by a white space on the resulting print, it is easy to adjust that space on to the part of the cloud negative it is desired to print in, and at the same time protect the landscape portion of the print from the action of light.

A great gain in pictorial effect was hereby accomplished, for a photograph having a suitable sky supplied to it became more artistic, and therefore more in relation to art and its demands.

At the following Exhibition of the Photographic Society I sent several landscapes which had been printed by this double method, and these excited much interest.

At the next Exhibition the landscape photographers had adopted my plan, but not altogether successfully; indeed, it was too amusing to see what some of them had done.

Deeming it to be sufficient if they combined a

sky negative with a landscape one, they took for this purpose any sky negative that was at hand and appeared suitable. So that sometimes negatives had been used in which the *shadows* of the clouds were on *exactly the opposite side to the shadows of the landscape* ! One exhibitor, though, had gone much further than this, for he *had turned his clouds upside down* !

What is needed is to keep a careful record of the direction the camera points to, both when taking a landscape and a sky. It is also desirable to register the time of day when negatives are taken. The printer should be guided strictly by this when he selects a cloud negative to combine with a landscape.

CHAPTER XII.

At the Grange, Alresford; Lord Ashburton's: Met Thomas Carlyle and his Wife and the Bishop of Oxford—An extremely interesting discussion—A graceful Act—Landseer's Portrait of William Lord Ashburton.

IN a long experience I do not recollect a more gratifying and pleasant visit than fell to my lot in the autumn of 1862. The Lady Ashburton of those days had invited me to The Grange, Alresford, an oasis in that part of Hampshire.

I was there a fortnight, and for some portion of the time Mr. Carlyle and his wife were also guests, so that I had many opportunities of talking to the author of "Frederick the Great" and "The French Revolution." One Sunday an addition was made to our circle by the arrival of the Bishop of Oxford (Wilberforce). An intellectual feast ever to be remembered resulted.

Imagine a dinner-table with two such men as Carlyle and the Bishop present. They were

nearly the sole talkers, hostess and guests for the most part being listeners.

With all my admiration for Carlyle's writings, I cannot say that he was an agreeable man; indeed, I am not surprised at some people accusing him of being even rude.

But to return to the dinner. Carlyle's spoken sentences were of sledge-hammer power, and were like his writings, while his tone and manner conveyed the impression that he was a man who would brook no contradiction. What a contrast to the Bishop! Why, the two men in all respects were the direct opposite: the Bishop so quiet, his voice so charming and telling; his arguments so persuasive, his manner so refined.

In the course of their conversation the Bishop spoke of Garibaldi, for it was just then that that magic name vibrated through Europe. It will be remembered that, only two years before, having conquered in Sicily, he crossed to the Neapolitan provinces, and after his triumphal career through them, entered Naples accompanied only by eleven followers; he then, on the 7th of September, 1860, handed over the entire Neapolitan fleet, which had surrendered to him,

to Admiral Persano, acting on behalf of the King of Italy, together with the arsenal and command of the forts. When Garibaldi came to England in 1864 it was shown how entirely the hearts of Englishmen were with him, and how deeply the generous feeling of the nation had been stirred. The way the Bishop spoke of Garibaldi was in accord with the opinion the country then generally held; but never was the proverbial red rag shaken out with more effect. Carlyle, sitting on one side of Lady Ashburton, laid down his knife and fork, and in a torrent of words abused and depreciated Garibaldi, and praised and exalted Mazzini. His indictment against Garibaldi was terrible, but, in spite of all, when it came to the Bishop's turn to reply, he held his own; and afterwards, in the quiet of my own room, when reviewing all I had listened to—all that had so greatly interested and impressed me—I confess that I came to the conclusion that the Bishop, in that memorable fight of words, had had the best of it.

Previously it has been stated that my visit to The Grange extended to a fortnight; it should be,

though, explained that a week intervened between the two weeks I was there.

During this interval Lady Ashburton had an engagement at Petworth, Sussex, whence I received from her this letter :—

“DEAR SIR,—In the hurry of leaving yesterday I did not tell you how glad I was that we had had the pleasure of seeing you at The Grange; nor did I at all thank you for the kind zeal and interest you had shown in our behalf. I wish I could tell you how much we like the lovely records you have given us of that dear place, and how pleased we were you had made acquaintance with us and it.

“Yours very truly,

“L. ASHBURTON.”

On leaving London for my second week's visit, I travelled by a train arriving at the station—where The Grange carriage met guests—in time, if punctual, to enable them to reach the house with just a few minutes to dress for dinner.

On the night of my return this train was late, and I was, consequently, greatly hurried. The footman, when he took me to my room, told me

that a dinner-party was to be given that night to over thirty of the county people.

Reaching the drawing-room as quickly as might be, I found that though I was the last in, her ladyship had been kind and considerate enough to wait for me. Advancing to meet me, she said, in tones loud enough to be heard by her friends, "Mr. Vernon Heath, you will take me in to dinner."

I thought then, and have often gratefully done so since, that—looking at my status and that of Lady Ashburton's friends—no more delicate or gracefully conceived act could have been done.

In the rooms at The Grange are many pictures and works of art, some of the former being of great value. I remember being greatly impressed with one portrait of William second Lord Ashburton, painted by Landseer in 1841, another instance of the ease and facility with which the great artist worked, for it was commenced and finished at a single sitting.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Marriage of the Prince of Wales: Negatives of the Ceremony taken in the Chapel, and in the Quadrangle on the Departure—A Mistake
—The Princess sits to me for a Photograph for Frith's Marriage Picture
—An interesting Negative.

A FEW weeks prior to the marriage of the Prince of Wales, by command of Her Majesty I was consulted as to the possibility of obtaining photographs of the wedding ceremony, which, on the 10th March, 1863, was celebrated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

The impression I entertained was that, in consequence of the subdued light and the coloured glass windows of the chapel, passably good photographs could not be done; but, anxious to ascertain this with some degree of certainty, I asked permission to make experiments, consent being graciously conceded. Day by day, in varying conditions of weather and light, I was at work with my camera.

At last such a result was arrived at that I

felt justified in reporting that, provided the day was fairly fine, there was a probability that I might be successful.

In the arrangements that, for my purpose, it was necessary to make, I was greatly assisted by the Castle officials, the position that was allotted to me being the front row in the organ loft. It was further arranged that my assistants were to have for their use a side chapel below, which, by a wooden trough, was put into communication with my station.

Every detail and contingency was carefully thought out and provided for, so that, in the end, success depended mainly upon the character of the weather of the day, which, as it turned out, was favourable.

I was early in my place, and my assistants in theirs; the plan that had been determined on being that all through the ceremony plates were to reach me through the wooden trough as rapidly as they could be prepared, and I, without waiting for any special opportunity, at once exposed and returned them below, taking, therefore, my chance as to the results.

At the conclusion of the ceremony there was

a long wait before it could be ascertained what had been accomplished, for so many negatives had been exposed that my assistants needed a considerable time to develop them.

It may be mentioned here that while I was in the organ loft, on each side and behind me were those who took part in the choral portion of the service. Close by I heard a magnificent soprano voice, but throughout I was too much occupied to turn and see who was the singer. When my last negative was taken and I could do this, I discovered that the grand rich voice was that of Jenny Lind.

Not much time elapsed before the Queen sent to ascertain what had been done, and I reported that though the success was not considerable; under the circumstances it was quite as great as I could have hoped for.

Had I possessed the means and appliances of the present time, how great that success would have been, for, day by day now, vastly more difficult work is done by the use of dry plates.

Going through the whole of the negatives, I found three or four which might be submitted to Her Majesty, one of which was especially

good—that taken when the bride and bridegroom were kneeling at the altar—a moment when the whole congregation were fairly motionless.

As was the rule in those days, the approved negatives were left at the Castle, and were printed by persons employed there.

The same afternoon I obtained in the Quadrangle a negative of the departure of their Royal Highnesses, which was evidence of a mistake that happened under the excitement of leave-taking, a mistake that was rectified before the carriage left the Quadrangle. After leaving the porch of the Castle it was discovered that the Princess occupied the seat where the Prince should have sat, and the Prince that of the Princess.

I was not the only one in the chapel on that morning who sought to obtain records of the ceremony, for Mr. Frith, R.A., had received the Queen's commands to paint a picture of the marriage, which, the following year, was exhibited at the Royal Academy. While painting this picture, Frith found that the Princess of Wales's engagements did not permit her to give

him the number of sittings he required. It was, therefore, proposed that Her Royal Highness should come to me to be photographed; and her consent being obtained, Frith supplied me with a sketch of what he required.

The Princess consequently came to my studio, but I was far from successful, negative after negative being spoilt.

Then, in almost despair, I went to fetch a plate, thinking, as I did so, that Her Royal Highness was probably as disheartened as I was.

On returning to the studio, the Princess—looking tired and weary—was leaning, with her arm and hand supporting her head, upon a pillar—one of the studio accessories. I was so struck with the grace of the pose, though it had nothing to do with Frith's sketch, that I said, "Pray, madam, remain as you are; don't move." The result was that I obtained a negative which greatly pleased me; and before Her Royal Highness left I secured one that was suitable for Frith's purpose.

Some time had elapsed, and, while examining a print from the negative just mentioned—interested as I have ever been in combination printing

—I conceived the notion of making a combined photograph from that negative and that of Mrs. Noble's baby and cot, referred to under the head of Berry Hill. This, as will be seen, was afterwards done.

CHAPTER XIV.

Birth of Prince Albert Victor—A Day on the Ice at Frogmore—The Prince born that Evening—A Combination Portrait—Its great Success—Sandringham; Work done There—The combined Portrait engraved by Holl—The Picnic Luncheon—The Princess, the Labourer, and the Joint of Beef—How the Prince's Indian Mastiffs were photographed.

ON the 7th of January, 1864, I received the commands of the Prince to come the next day to Frogmore, where His Royal Highness and the Princess were then staying.

There had been for some days a very severe frost, and the ice at Virginia Water being in perfect condition, the Prince had asked several of his friends, and many of the officers quartered at Windsor, to join him at hockey.

I was sent for to take photographs of this party, and arrived at Frogmore early on the morning of the 8th, when the Prince told me what he wished done, and said he had ordered a dog-cart to take me to Virginia Water.

On arriving there I proceeded to put up

my tent and prepare the apparatus. But the cold was intense, the thermometer being down to 20°. The consequence was that in a very few minutes my collodion was rendered entirely useless, and we were far away from any place where there was a fire.

On the arrival of the Prince I asked him to come to my tent, and showed him what had occurred. He, though, with his usual good-nature, made light of our disappointment, and told me to go and get a pair of skates. And, for the remainder of the day, except during luncheon time, his Royal Highness and his friends amused themselves with hockey.

The Princess was occasionally in a chair on the ice, being pushed about by the skaters. Her Royal Highness remained until four o'clock, and I saw her leave in her carriage.

The Prince and the bulk of his party stayed until it was dusk, leaving a dozen or so of us, who continued our skating until it was dark. We then left for Frogmore, and when near there I left the party to call upon a friend at Windsor.

After that I went back to Frogmore for my

apparatus, and on arriving there was more than astonished to hear that Prince Albert Victor was born. Such an event not then being expected, it can readily be surmised the excitement that it had caused.

Soon after the birth of the Prince, my mind reverted to the negative which, during the previous summer, I had taken of the Princess, when she came to my studio for the purpose of Mr. Frith's picture ; and taking it and the one of Mrs. Noble's cot, I so combined them on a print that the Princess was represented standing by the cot, looking down at the child in it. The illusion was perfect, though I desired to accomplish something more.

On the day, therefore, of the christening of the Prince Albert Victor, I took, with some hesitation, one of these combined prints to Marlborough House, and had an opportunity of submitting it to the Prince of Wales, who was gracious enough to speak of it in flattering terms.

This gave me my cue, and for the sake of making the photograph complete, I asked His Royal Highness whether, at some convenient

opportunity, I might have the privilege of introducing his own child into the cot in lieu of the one then there.

The Prince smiling, said, "Better leave it as it is; why, at that age, one child is so like another that there can be no necessity for the change." Nevertheless I held to my project.

This combined photograph was afterwards returned to me with the following letter:—

"DEAR MR. HEATH,—The Prince of Wales desires me to return to you the photograph of the Princess with many thanks, and to tell you he thinks it very pretty.

"Yours very faithfully,

"HERBERT FISHER.

"April 1st, 1864."

In the April of 1864 I received His Royal Highness's commands to go to Sandringham. At that time the Queen had not been there, and it was His Royal Highness's wish to have a series of photographs taken of the house and grounds for presentation to Her Majesty on her birthday. Under the immediate direction of the Prince I succeeded in obtaining the negatives he required.

But that did not comprise the whole of my work, for one day, in the conservatory, I took a group of the Prince, Princess, and the Prince Albert Victor; and then, availing myself of the opportunity, I ventured to remind His Royal Highness of my desire to substitute his child for Mrs. Noble's child in the photograph he had seen.

With extreme good-nature the Princess held her child in the position I required, and thus I was enabled to complete my scheme of combination printing; for then I possessed three negatives—Her Royal Highness leaning on the pillar, the cot, and finally the negative just taken of Prince Albert Victor.

It needed but little skill to combine these three negatives, and so perfect was the photograph when it was finished, that it was impossible to know that more than one had been used for its production.

So successful, indeed, was it, that a publishing firm made proposals to me to have it and the conservatory group engraved. These proposals I ultimately entertained, and Holl, the then well-known engraver, was commissioned to do the work.

Before passing away from a subject which, for me, had great interest, I may say that the engravings when finished were, in proof state, submitted to the Queen. Dated Osborne, December 20th, 1864, Her Majesty's private secretary wrote me this letter:—

“DEAR SIR,—In answer to your letter which I received to-day I have the pleasure to inform you that Her Majesty gives you permission to use the words for the publication of the most beautiful engravings of the Prince and Princess of Wales with their infant Prince, and the one of the Princess of Wales with the infant Prince, ‘Dedicated by command to Her Majesty.’

“Her Majesty wishes to have six more engravings of both pictures.

“I remain, dear sir,

“Yours very truly,

“A. LOEHLEIN.”

- But to return to my visit to Sandringham. One day, after breakfast, the Prince sent for me, and said that he, the Princess, and their guests were going that morning to drive to a gentleman's

park at Hunstanton, and that there they would have a picnic lunch. His Royal Highness added that as he should like the party photographed, he had ordered a dog-cart to take me.

I arrived some time before their Royal Highnesses, and, in the park, found an old labourer working on a road. Going to him, I said that I would give him half-a-crown if he could manage to get me two or three pails of water.

I should say that, just at that period, the wages of the agricultural labourer had reached their lowest point. The old man was garrulous, and, amongst other things, said that so small were his means that from one year's end to another he never tasted meat.

The Sandringham party arrived, lunch was over, and then came the time for my photograph. Amongst those included, besides their Royal Highnesses, were the Duke of Cambridge, the Bishop of Oxford, General and Mrs. Knollys, Mr. Fisher, and several others.

This was in the days of collodion and a photographic tent; and when my negative was taken, their Royal Highnesses and most of their friends

stood around the tent, waiting my coming out. I had been successful, and was complimented.

Then the Princess seeing the old labourer, asked me whether he had been helping me, and upon receiving my answer, turned to a gentleman near her, and said something I did not hear. Soon afterwards I was told that Her Royal Highness had given instructions that a great joint of beef on the luncheon cloth was to be left for the old man.

I went to him and told him what the Princess had done, whereupon he exclaimed: "God bless Her Majesty!" and then, remembering that he had told me *that he never tasted meat from one year's end to another*, said, with the utmost seriousness, "I'll have no bread to-night!"

There was yet another success I had on the occasion of that visit to Sandringham. His Royal Highness owned two magnificent Indian mastiffs, which he requested me to photograph.

This was rather a serious undertaking, for the dogs were as savage as they were large. At that time old Sandringham House was in existence. On its west front was a terrace, separated from the garden by a balustrade.

It was on this terrace I arranged with the Prince's keeper that the dogs should be photographed, and, at my desire, he brought them and secured them to the balustrade by their chains.

For the season of the year the day was unusually hot, and owing partly to this and partly to the novelty of the position they were placed in, the mastiffs exhibited all the evidences of unrest and excitement.

The consequence was that negative after negative was taken with extremely unsatisfactory results.

At last a notion—which turned out to be a most fortunate one—occurred to me.

Turning to the keeper I gave him these instructions: "When you see me coming with my plate step back, and hide behind one of the columns, taking care that the dogs do not see you do so. They will miss you, and will naturally look for you in every direction. Then just peep round at me, and when all is ready, I will give you a signal, on which you are immediately to whistle, as if you were calling the dogs."

This was carried out: my plate was in its place and the signal given, in response to which followed the keeper's whistle. The result was magical! Forward came the ears of both dogs—one looked ahead, the other turned his head in the direction of his left shoulder, the massive paws of each were stretched in front, and then off came the cap of my lens.

My success was complete. Of course, the pose of the dogs was purely and entirely accidental, but was really so natural and grand that I sent a copy to Sir Edwin Landseer, being certain it would greatly interest him.

Commercially, the success of this negative ranked nearly as high as two others I have already mentioned—the horse-chestnut tree at Cookham and the cottage porch at Roehampton.

CHAPTER XV.

The Volunteers at Wimbledon, 1864: Negatives of the Camp—My Work stopped—Interdict cancelled by Lord Elcho.

I WAS one of the earliest recruits in the Volunteer service, and attended the first meeting of the National Rifle Association held at Wimbledon; and, as a member, was present for sixteen successive years.

How enjoyable those early meetings were! and all whose lot it was to be there will gratefully bear them in memory.

It was in 1864 that I first took my camera to the camp. At that time the privilege to photograph had been given to a London portrait photographer, who, at the well known "Windmill" on the common, had arranged a studio with the usual accessories, where Volunteers went as they would have done had they visited him in Regent Street.

But my aim was entirely different. My sub-

jects were in the camp itself, or amidst the many incidents of camp life, the regimental camps and the firing points lending themselves admirably to my purpose. Two of these firing points were the "500 yards" and the "running deer," both being artistically excellent. Most of the regimental camps were also good, and laid out with considerable taste, that of the Victoria Rifles being especially so.

Then parts of the common were highly picturesque. One of these, Glen Albyn, will be in the remembrance of the majority of the visitors to Wimbledon.

With all such opportunities before me I went to work. As a member of the Association I confess that it did not occur to me to ask for permission to use my camera, nor did I know that the photographer at the "Windmill" supposed he held a monopoly.

In a short time the results of my first negatives were circulated in the camp, and then I was told that any further work on my part was interdicted. Unfortunately, Lord Elcho, himself a patron and an admirer of art, had

gone to Haddingtonshire to attend the Parliamentary election. I thought it better, therefore, to await his return than resist the order that had been served upon me, though, as a copyholder of the common, it was quite open to me to oppose it.

On the return of Lord Elcho the photographs were submitted to him, and speaking of them in terms of the highest praise, he immediately cancelled the interdict, stating that I had in no way trenched upon the privileges of the "Windmill" photographer.

Volunteers of that period will remember the success that was attained—will remember, for instance, "The Civil Service Butts and Targets," "Early Morning: the Members' Camp," "The Running Deer: Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Peterkin," "The Schools Match," and many others.

A reviewer of these Wimbledon views, in an article in the *Times*, spoke of them in these words:—"A higher merit even than the clearness of the prints and the fidelity of the likenesses—and that is no slight praise—is the delicacy of the foliage. The fern-leaves can almost be

separated, the prickly gorse felt, so sharp and delicate is every outline."

At the end of the meeting Lord Elcho was good enough to say that my work would help to popularise the Wimbledon gatherings.

CHAPTER XVI.

Visit of the French ironclad Fleet, 1865: The number of Ships, Size, and Guns—Receive a Commission from the Board of Admiralty to photograph Them—Difficulties—No Gunboat—Captain Cowper Coles, Mr. John Penn, and Captain Herbert—How My Work was completed without Aid from the Authorities—The Ball at Government House—A well-known Detective—An irate Commander—Three Sailors in Trouble.

THE Emperor of the French, as a compliment to the Queen and the British nation, sent (August 28th, 1865) his ironclad fleet to the Solent. The tricolour, at that time, was in the ascendant, the English fleet making but a poor show, while the alarmists of the day regarded the fleet of nine French armour-clads and other ships with sinking hearts.

The tonnage of these nine ironclads was in the aggregate 55,373 tons, their armour being of an average of 5 inches, and the chief of their guns breech-loaders—in those days a really formidable fleet, initiating imitations in the English navy.

The English fleet that ranged alongside the visitors numbered ten, two of these being wooden line-of-battle ships. The tonnage of the whole was 47,816, and the armour of the ironclads, with one exception, averaged $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The exception was the *Royal Sovereign*, whose armour was $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. All the guns were muzzle-loaders.

In 1863 we were creeping ahead of the French, for although they had 27 ironclads and England 21, of the latter 11 were iron, while of the French 26 were built of wood and then armoured.

At the present time we are far ahead of France, both in the number of our ships and the weight of the guns and the strength of the armour—for instance, between 1865 and 1891 the weight of the guns carried has increased from 18 to 67 tons, and the thickness of armour from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 20 inches. Further, the old simple engines of 1865, with a steam pressure of 30 pounds, have given place to triple expansion vertical engines, working at a pressure of 120 pounds.

A few days before the arrival of the French

fleet (1865) I received a commission from the Board of Admiralty to go to Portsmouth for the purpose of obtaining photographs of the French vessels.

I had several interviews with the officials at Whitehall upon this matter ; and at last started with instructions and letters of introduction to Admiral Wellesley, the Superintendent of the Dockyard at Portsmouth.

One of the arrangements entered into with me was that a gunboat should be placed at my disposal, with directions that I should be taken to such stations as appeared useful. The two fleets were moored in parallel lines, and, even in those early days of ironclads, presented a formidable appearance.

On showing my credentials to the Admiral-Superintendent, I was told that there was not the slightest chance of a gunboat being given me. Here was a serious difficulty, for without means of moving about I might just as well have remained in London. So the first day was absolutely wasted !

That evening, however, I had the good fortune to be introduced to Captain Cowper Coles, who,

some years afterwards, was lost in the ill-fated turret-ship *Captain*. One of the earliest of the British turret vessels was the *Royal Sovereign*, an old three-decker, which the Admiralty had handed over to Captain Coles for conversion; her two upper gun decks being cut away, and her two turrets placed on the lower deck.

Captain Coles introduced me to Mr. John Penn, the well-known engineer of Greenwich, whose beautiful yacht was then at Portsmouth. The next morning Mr. Penn took me out to Spithead to the *Royal Sovereign*, and presented me to her commander, Captain Herbert, who, on hearing my story, was good enough to give me a berth on his ship.

Day by day I was taken through the lines of the fleets by either Mr. Penn's yacht or by the owners of other yachts, and it was due alone to such kindnesses and attentions that I was enabled to complete the work, which would never have been accomplished had I depended on the authorities who had employed me.

Naturally, of course, the whole week was one of unlimited hospitality and numerous entertainments; and, as the guest of Captain Herbert, I

shared in most of them. There were dinners on board both the French and English flagships; there was a dinner and ball given by the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth; and on the night preceding the departure of the French fleet a ball was given at the Admiralty House, to which most of the officers of both fleets were asked. As a guest on board the *Royal Sovereign*, Captain Herbert was good enough to put my name down in his list for a card of invitation.

There was a great deal going on in the town in the afternoon before the ball, and as several of the officers of the *Royal Sovereign* were going ashore I accompanied them. Not intending to return to the ship that night, I took a room at an hotel; and it was not until late that evening I discovered that my invitation card was left behind. But I had been so much about during the week, and had made so many acquaintances, that I trusted to my good luck to get admitted.

At the Admiralty House there was a Reception Committee, of which Lord Clarence Paget was the head, and on my arrival I said who I was, where staying, and the purpose for which I was at Portsmouth. Lord Clarence listened to me

with the utmost courtesy, and replied that, though fully believing all I had said, it would be impossible to admit me without a card.

I turned and went away, determining, in my mind, that it was not worth while, at that time of night, to take a shore boat and go out to Spithead for the missing invitation card. I had walked but a few yards when a gentleman, scrupulously attired, overtook me and requested me to return with him. Having done so, Lord Clarence told me that all I had said to him had been thoroughly confirmed, and that it gave him much pleasure to admit me.

I naturally turned to my companion and asked to whom I was indebted for the change that had been so quickly brought about. He replied: "Why, don't you know me? I have often seen you at the Palace and Windsor Castle." Then he added: "So you don't know Inspector Tanner, of the Detective Department at Scotland Yard?"

It was this well-known officer who, on duty at the entrance to the Admiralty House, had vouched for me.

The ball was a brilliant success, and did great

credit to its organisers. Late during the night, Admiral Hornby, who was in command of the English fleet, sent for me, and said he should be glad if I would arrange to go out to his ship and be prepared to photograph the departure of the French fleet the next morning.

Remembering the difficulties which met me on arriving at the dockyard, I asked how his wishes were to be carried out, whereupon he sent for the captain of the *Victory*, who was in the ball-room, and told him what he desired to be done. So it was arranged that I should go to the *Victory* at seven o'clock, and arouse the captain, who would then be prepared to give me my instructions.

Taking, at the time named, a shore boat, my apparatus being with me, I hailed the *Victory*, and in a few minutes the captain came to her side. He told me that a particular steamer, which for that week had for its captain Commander——, would at once take me out to the admiral's ship.

The position of this steamer having been indicated to the waterman, he rowed to her, and we found her berthed alongside one of the

harbour stages. We put my apparatus on board, when the commander said to me, with an excess of impolite adjectives, and in the most uncivil tone, "What is all this?"

I told him of the arrangement with the admiral, and what the captain of the *Victory*, in the presence of the waterman, had just said. But he was inexorable, and with many additions to his previous adjectives, said—well, he said "he would see me *anywhere* first."

With extreme roughness he told the crew to throw my apparatus on the landing-stage, and ordered me to follow. So Admiral Hornby's desires were completely defeated, and I and my impedimenta were left in the harbour high and dry.

The cause of this outburst of rudeness was this: on the previous day Commander—— had received instructions to take out the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth to Spithead to witness the departure of the French fleet, and he determined in spite of everything to stick to his orders to the letter.

On subsequent inquiry, it turned out that the captain of the *Victory* was aware of the orders that had been given, and knowing the

time the Corporation would embark, considered that Commander —— would have more than ample time to take me to the flagship and return to his berth. I ventured to point this out to him, but he would listen to nothing, and I had the vexation and annoyance to see his vessel steam out of the harbour.

Well, there I was, with apparently nothing to do; though, hoping something might turn up, I prepared my apparatus for work, and was soon rewarded. The French admiral's yacht was in harbour, and when he left to join his fleet, the *Duke of Wellington*, one of the handsomest of the old 120-gun ships, manned yards. That was my opportunity, the result being that I secured an excellent negative of both the yacht and the ship.

That being done, and not choosing it should be thought that the blame rested with me for failing to be at Spithead, I called upon Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, then the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, and related to him the whole of the circumstances, for it so happened that he was present when Admiral Hornby told me what he wanted me to do.

When I had finished, Admiral Seymour said he thought Commander ——'s conduct was so strange and inexplicable that he requested me to sit down and write him a full report. This I did, stating carefully all that had occurred.

I then told the admiral of the negative I had just taken, and said that if he would let me do so in half an hour's time I would bring him an unfixed print of it. This was done, and the admiral was good enough to express his satisfaction with it. He said further that he was sure that the captain of the *Duke of Wellington* would be glad to see it, and recommended me to take it to him.

I therefore went off to the *Duke*, little dreaming that my photograph would get three sailors into trouble. The captain examined it critically and with interest, and at last discovered that three men on one of the yards were standing in negligent and unsailor-like positions.

The proper officer being sent for, the three men were found and brought before the captain, and I felt heartily sorry to have so unintentionally contributed to the discomfiture of these poor fellows.

The captain pointed out to them the position in which they were standing, especially as to their bent legs and separated feet. One man declared that it could not be him, it being impossible he could have so stood; but, unfortunately, the evidence was far too strong, and with a reprimand the men were dismissed.

I thought then, as I have done since, that in their own quarters, when talking over their interview with their captain, they would not speak in terms of affection of photography and photographers.

CHAPTER XVII.

Miss Coutts' Garden Party : An inquisitive Crowd—A practical Joke—
How Miss Coutts' Guests were Puzzled—The Way a Crowd can be
dispersed—A practical Joke played on a Jockey.

FOR some years previous to 1867 I had known Lady Burdett Coutts—at that time Miss Coutts—and was frequently at Holly Lodge. In the summer of the year named she had issued cards for a garden party, and had consulted me as to taking photographs on the occasion. I had, though, but little faith in being able to do anything that would be deemed satisfactory; for a considerable experience had taught me that, as a rule, guests do not, on the whole, behave perfectly. Everyone covets the best position; everyone seeks to be in front, and being there, looks straight into the camera.

On this account we had almost abandoned the idea of the photographs, when one day I discovered that one of the windows of Holly

Lodge on the ground floor, facing the lawn, was nearly wholly screened by pendent ivy. I at once conceived the plan of placing my camera behind that ivy screen, where, by a little care, it would not be seen from the lawn.

I told my plan to Miss Coutts, and obtained her consent to have cards engraved, similar in size to her own invitation cards, and worded, as nearly as I can remember thus:—

“Mr. Vernon Heath has been requested by Miss Coutts to take two photographs of her garden party; one at 5.30, the other at 6 o'clock. Three minutes before the times mentioned a bugle will be sounded as a warning; and in each case will be sounded again at the expiration of three minutes, when everyone present is asked to remain motionless and steady. A third bugle call will signify that the photograph has been taken.” *

My scheme succeeded admirably, Miss Coutts and her immediate friends being alone aware of the position of the camera. Mr. Godfrey placed at my command a bugler, and it was but too interesting and amusing to see, from my coign

* Each guest on arrival received one of these cards.

of vantage, the excitement the first bugle-call occasioned all over the lawn. People rushed about looking in every direction for the camera, but failed to discover it. At the second bugle-call there was nothing for it but to stand still; the consequence being that I obtained two negatives which were artistic and satisfactory, because the bulk of those who were photographed had stood in natural attitudes.

Upon other occasions, though by no means similar ones, I adopted a plan whereby my purpose was carried out effectively.

A few years ago I devoted most of one summer to photographing the royal and public parks. At first I was greatly interfered with and pestered by curious people, who would follow me from spot to spot, and in spite of my expostulations, take up a position between my camera and the subject to be photographed.

I at last hit upon a plan which was quite successful. Wherever I went, supposing it was a public place, I took two cameras with me, one of them being in charge of an assistant. I then placed the one I intended to use in the exact position I required, and carefully focussed my

subject and made all ready for exposing my plate.

By that time I generally had a big crowd in front of me, which I got rid of in this way: Turning to my assistant, who was purposely placed some yards away, I said in a loud voice, "The time is too early for this subject; take, therefore, your camera and get the negative I arranged this morning you were to do." He would then move to a spot a hundred yards or so away, and go through the form of taking a negative; and by the time he was ready to pretend he was exposing, my crowd had left and had gone to him. Whereupon I quietly and quite unseen exposed the plate and secured my negative, and thus tricked the people who would have prevented me doing any work.

Both the foregoing instances, in some measure, may rank as mild jokes. I am led in consequence to relate a practical one. I confess to being one of those who generally condemn practical joking, for the reason that the result so often produces serious estrangement, sometimes even in the entire severance of long-standing friendships.

But some jokes are conceived in a spirit of

pure fun, and are really as harmless as is the intention that launched them. Here is one that is both original and amusing, and was evolved from the brain of a well-known, attentive, and courteous manager of one of the most important of the London concert halls.

It was a summer's afternoon years ago, and an entertainment had just commenced, when there came into the entrance hall a jockey of the old days, who, by reason of the fractures his limbs had sustained in steeplechase riding, had had to give up his professional work.

Very lame, he ambled up to the manager, who asked him whether he would like to go inside. He was taken into the hall, and placed in the front row of the fauteuils, putting his hat under the seat. For a few minutes the manager sat behind him, and then seeing the hat, the mischief of his nature pointed out the way to a joke; unperceived, he picked the hat up, and went out with it.

Going to his clerk, he sent him to the lost property office of the hall to see whether a hat could be found similar to the one in his hand but at least two sizes larger. This was

accomplished, and the next move of the conspirators was to take the lining out of the jockey's hat and put it into the other. This lining, it should be explained, had on it not only the maker's but the owner's name in gilt letters.

The exchange having been effected, the manager slipped back to the hall, and seating himself behind his friend, placed the hat under the latter's seat.

Between this and the end of the performance what had been done was communicated to several of the manager's friends. On the fall of the curtain the jockey allowed all the other occupants of the fauteuils to leave, diffidently following with the hat in his hand, which he did not attempt to use until he was in the vestibule, where stood all those who were in the secret.

And then the dénouement came: the hat was put on, and in an instant was below the poor man's ears. The expression of his face at that moment was a study; then he took off the hat, and as quickly put it on again, but, of course, with the same result.

Again taking it off and peering inside at the lining, with an astonished and stupefied look, he

exclaimed: "Why, it is my hat!" "What is the matter?" said the courteous manager. "Matter!" he replied; "why look here!" and suiting the action to the word, he once more put on the hat. "But are you sure it is yours?" queried the manager. "Sure!" he answered; "why of course I am!" and he pointed to his name on the lining.

"Well," he continued, "this is far beyond me. I've known my head, through a fall at a fence, get larger, but this is the first time I ever knew it get smaller."

After some good-natured banter, he asked the manager to lend him a hat in order that he might go a few doors off to buy one that fitted him. This was done, and in his absence, as will be naturally imagined, the lining belonging to his hat was restored to its rightful place, and the large hat put out of sight.

In a few minutes he returned wearing a new hat, and then came the last scene in the manager's little farce. Turning to the jockey, he said: "While you have been away I have been thinking over this extraordinary thing about your hat, for I noticed when you came in how well it fitted. Surely there must be some explanation of

what has happened: do just put it on again." This he did, with the result that, to his utter astonishment, it fitted exactly!

His face wore an expression of intense wonder, and the words he used were certainly emphatic, though he left without having the least suspicion of the trick that had been played upon him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A second Visit to Scotland: Again at Cultoquhey—"If I had a Tail I would wag It:" a sad End—Comrie and its Scenery—Earthquakes—Rob Roy's Country—Balquhiddy—The Drive from Kinghouse to Callender—Bracklinn Falls—Illustrations of Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake"—The Trossach District—Another combined Picture—Visit to Mr. Cunliffe-Brooks at Drummond Castle—Two deer-stalking Stories—A Day's Grouse-shooting in October.

ON one of my journeys to Scotland I left King's Cross by the usual night train, which is timed to reach Darlington at 1.56 a.m. When it arrived there I was alone in the compartment and asleep, but as the train slowed into the station I awoke.

There were few people on the platform, and but little light from the station lamps. Close to the door of the carriage stood two men who had the appearance of navvies.

The guard's whistle sounded, and the train was in motion, when these men made a dash at the door and jumped into the compartment with

me. In those days there were no means of signalling to the guard.

Speed was soon attained, and the train was well on its way to Newcastle, the next stoppage, a distance of forty miles. Immediately one of the navvies said he wanted a fight, and would fight me. But, calmly and quietly, I reasoned with him; told him that I was sure he was a kind, good-natured fellow, and that there could be no cause or reason why we should fight. Somehow, fortunately for me, my reasoning seemed to impress him, and he put out his great hand and heartily shook mine. In the meantime his mate had gone to sleep, his head resting against the plate-glass window of the carriage. My late antagonist then formed the notion that he would like a dance; so, turning to his companion, he seized him by the hair and knocked his head against the glass until he roused him. Then he insisted upon the latter whistling him a tune, and to the music so supplied the other one danced.

It would not have surprised me if the dancer had driven one of his feet through the bottom of the carriage, so energetic was he. And this went

on for a time that seemed to me very long, but at last, quite exhausted, he fell back into the seat, and in a few moments both men were sound asleep.

When the train arrived at Newcastle I got out, and went in search of the guard, who could barely credit my statement. He, however, came with me to the carriage, and then saw the two men asleep. They were awakened and quickly got out, and I was rid of my unacceptable companions.

I was asked to make a report of the occurrence, but as my time was valuable and I thought I should have to attend the inquiry that might be held, and, further, as I had taken no harm, I declined to interfere.

August, 1866, saw me again at Cultoquhey, working with the camera in the beautiful district between there and St. Fillans. Staying at Cultoquhey at this time was a little fellow six or seven years old—a nephew of the hostess—who occasionally came into the dining-room to dessert. Once he in some measure misbehaved, and was sent out of the room.

Shortly afterwards a young lady asked per-

mission to fetch him back. She returned in a few minutes alone, and, laughing, said, "Oh, what a funny child Willie is! I asked him if he was not very sorry, and he replied, 'No, I am not; indeed, I feel quite pleased and glad, and if I had a tail I would wag it.'"

Poor little fellow!—a few years afterwards he came to a very sad end. He and his sister were crossing a plank over a mill-stream. She fell in, and, crying for help, he rushed to the bank, plunged into the seething water, and succeeded in bearing her up until assistance came. She was saved, but he, quite exhausted, was drowned.

From Cultoquhey I went to Comrie, with the intention of going to Glenartney, one main object of this visit to Scotland being to obtain a series of negatives for the purpose of illustrating certain passages in Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

It will be remembered that it was in Glenartney where the stag was driven from his lair, and the scene in the opening of the first canto is thus described—

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill

And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from further distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.
As chief who hears his warder call,
'To arms ! The foemen storm the wall !'
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprang from his heathery couch with haste."

Canto 1st, i., ii.

Selecting for my first purpose such points in
the glen as appeared to illustrate the line—

"In lone Glenartney's hazel shade,"

I obtained the negatives that were needed.

Comrie is prettily situated on the north bank
of the Earn at its confluence with the Ruchill
and Lednock, and is the centre of very beautiful
scenery. Staying there several days, I was able
to make myself well acquainted with its many
attractions.

About a mile to the north of Comrie the river
Lednock descends through a wild ravine, where a
turbulent stream, overhung by broken, impending

rocks, forms a fine fall, which with thunderous noise dashes into a large circular basin hewn out of the rock by the force of the water, this being called the Devil's Cauldron.

It is an impressive scene; overhead are masses of dark, heavy foliage, and below, the water in its basin, because of the great depth, appears absolutely black.

Close by the fall a path to the left ascends to the hill of Dunmore, on which is an obelisk erected to Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville. All around are beautiful views, including that of Ben Chonzie, the chief hill of the district—3,048 feet high.

Upon one occasion I came direct from London to Comrie after a hard season's work, and greatly needing rest and quiet. On my arrival I at once started for the obelisk, and flinging myself down at its base, I enjoyed an afternoon of restful peace, and before descending to Comrie felt that the marvellous air and the beautiful scenery had greatly revived me.

Comrie is celebrated for earthquakes. In January, 1876, three distinct shocks were felt, accompanied by a loud rumbling noise. I was

there in the August of that year, one day of which had been exceptionally dull and sultry. In the night I was awakened by the rattling and shaking of the windows, which I attributed to high wind, and I also believed I heard distant thunder. Mentioning this in the morning to the landlady, she answered, "Ah, no; it was not wind or thunder; it was the fearsome earthquake."

Driving through the valley which stretches from Comrie to St. Fillans, described at page 129, the road follows the north bank of Loch Earn, crossing the mouth of Glen Tarken, and then by the base of Srön Mhòr (2,203 feet).

About seven miles from St. Fillans Loch Earn-head is reached, and turning south, in two miles we come to Kingshouse. Here the road proceeds westwards to Balquhidder, distant about two miles. Then we come to the ivy-covered old chapel and the modern church of Balquhidder, and are now in the heart of Rob Roy's country. Scott writes thus of this district in the "Lady of the Lake"—

"Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquhidder, speeds the midnight blaze,

Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and hills along.

* * * *

The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course."

Canto 3rd, xxiv.

Near the east end of the church a stone of great antiquity—possibly centuries before Rob Roy's time—covers, it is said, his grave. Close by a son lies buried, while a third grave, it is alleged, is that of Helen MacGregor, Rob Roy's wife.

In the "Legend of Montrose" Scott says—

"It was at the old church of Balquhiddy that the MacGregors gathered round the amputated head of the King's deerkeeper, vowing to stand by the murderers."

The view from the churchyard looking towards Loch Voil is extremely fine. Hills on each side, in the far distance other hills closing in the scene, while at one's feet the brawling, rapid burn dashes by to the loch. To the left, at the base of a hill, embowered in trees, is Stronvar, the residence of Mr. David Carnegie, whom I am about to visit.

Crossing a bridge over the Balvaig, a short distance on, the grounds of Stronvar are entered. The house, though modern, is handsome, and is most beautifully situated.

It was at Mr. Carnegie's I had my first day's grouse shooting. In the old Ardington days I was keen enough after partridges, but now learnt how great is the pleasure that is to be had from following grouse, and an exhilarating tramp over the moor.

When my visit to Stronvar ended, I drove thence to Callender. On the road to this place, from Kingshouse, I think the scenery much finer than on that from Callender to the Trossachs ; it is both grander and bolder, and altogether more picturesque. This applies particularly to Loch Lubnaig, which is about five miles long and one broad, with mountains on both sides. The road winds by the side of the loch, and at every quarter of a mile a fresh view comes before the eye.

The waters of Loch Lubnaig issue into the River Leny, which flows through the Pass of Leny, the scenery of which is exquisite. This pass extends nearly to Callender.

Half a mile from the commencement of the Leny is the churchyard of the Chapel of St. Bride:—

“Betwixt him and a wooded knoll
That graced the sable strath with green,
The Chapel of St. Bride was seen.”

Canto 3rd, xix.

Near the bottom of the pass the Leny, tumbling from ledge to ledge, sweeping round rocks, and eddying in dark pools, forms the Falls of Leny. Opposite is Ben Ledi, towering to the skies—or, to quote Scott—

“Where rose Ben Ledi’s ridge in air.”

Canto 1st, vi.

A short drive now brings us to Callender, and to the end of an eleven miles’ drive, which should not easily be forgotten.

As I had an introduction to Mr. Hamilton, of Leny House, a short distance from Callender, and close to the celebrated Falls of Bracklinn, I went to call upon him.

Bracklinn Falls (signifying a speckled or white foaming pool) consist of a series of shelving rapids and dark linns, formed by the River Kelty, which leaps from a bank of red

sandstone among great masses of rock beneath. A rustic bridge has been thrown over the chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of fifty feet.

The tourist with a few hours to spare will be charmed to explore these falls.

From Callender I went on to a shooting lodge at Milton, near Loch Vennachar, which had been kindly lent me by the Earl of Morley. This I intended to make a central point from which to work my "Lady of the Lake" series of negatives. Milton Lodge has lovely surroundings; it faces Loch Vennachar and the hills which dominate it, with distant views of mountains on the right and left, a strikingly beautiful waterfall being within fifty yards of the door.

My work with the camera was commenced by going back to Callender. The first view—a very striking one—I photographed was Ben Ledi (2,875 feet high) from Callender Bridge. Completely satisfied with the result, a move was made to Coilantogle Ford, on the River Teith, the spot referred to in the "Lady of the Lake," where Roderick Dhu challenged FitzJames to single combat, he having previously undertaken to see him :

"Past Clan Alpine's outmost guard,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
As far as Coilantogle Ford." *Canto 5th, xxxi.*

This is a charming subject, for it includes the ruins of an old mill, hills in the distance, and the rushing, foaming waters of the Teith in the foreground. Then, going on further, Loch Vennachar is reached, and from the side which is furthest from Milton I obtained a view to illustrate the lines—

"Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Ben Ledi rose."
Canto 5th, iii.

A successful negative of this subject completed the day's work. The next day I started up the loch in the direction of the Trossachs, intending to find Lanrick Mead, which Scott writes of as the gathering-ground of the clan Alpine. In parenthesis, I may say that it was intense enjoyment to identify, with a copy of the "Lady of the Lake" in hand, places and scenes with the descriptions in the poem.

Lanrick Mead is a flat meadow on the right-hand side of the loch on the way to the Trossachs, and not far from its head.

“Till with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanrick height,
Where mustered in the vale below
Clan Alpine’s men in martial show.”

Canto 3rd, xxxi.

A short distance on, and the Bridge of Turk is in sight—an excellent subject for an artist.

“Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the Lake of Vennachar,
And when the Brigg of Turk was won
The headmost horseman rode alone.”

Canto 1st, vi.

So excellent for the purpose, and so artistic in effect were the bridge, river, and the adjoining scenery, that I stayed there until three negatives had been secured.

From there I went to Duncraggan’s Huts, as perfect a picture as can be. Nothing in their own way, except the peasant’s cottage at Monzie, ever pleased me more. They are built with great stones, rounded and smoothed by the water’s action, beautiful in colour, and obtained, no doubt, from the burn close by. These are piled one on the other in the most picturesque way possible, until the necessary height is reached.

Then comes the old thatched roof, upon
which grow mosses and weeds; and in the distance
as a background, the hills above Glen Finlas.

“Duncraggan’s huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green.”

Canto 3rd, xv.

It was impossible to resist making a long stay
here, and being well satisfied with the day’s work,
I returned to Milton.

At the next opportunity I continued onward
to Loch Achray. It must, however, not be
considered that my work was accomplished
on consecutive days. Far, far from that, for I
had at times most unfavourable weather, and it
took a fortnight to do that for which four or five
days, if fine, would have been sufficient.

Loch Achray is a sheet of water of extreme
beauty, the head being closed in by the Trossachs
and Ben Venue—the latter noble and perfect in
outline, while its jutting masses of rock throw
on its sides the most fantastic shadows.

“But nearer was the copsewood grey,
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben Venue.”—*Canto 1st, v.*

“High on the south huge Ben Venue
Down on the lake his masses threw,
Crag, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurled
The fragments of an earlier world.”

Canto 1st, xiv.

Close by Loch Achray is the Trossachs Hotel, and being some distance from Milton I determined to make it my quarters for a short time. The host (Mr. Blair), since dead, was most attentive and kind, and did his utmost to promote the object I had in view.

One of the most successful of all the negatives that were obtained for my “Lady of the Lake” series was taken between the hotel and Loch Katrine Pier—a view of Ben Venue and the Trossachs, with the river in the foreground.

In connection with the negative obtained when staying at Comrie, in Glenartney, and that of Ben Venue and the Trossachs just mentioned, I did something that is worth referring to.

In each negative the river is very similar in form, though that at Glenartney is more picturesque by reason of its numerous boulders. The Ben Venue river, being a deep rapid stream, no boulders are visible.

So I conceived the plan of substituting the Artney river for that by Ben Venue, this being carried out exactly in the way explained at page 134. The result was most successful, as will be gathered from the following extract.

I sent Mr. Blair, the landlord of the Trossachs Hotel, a few of "The Lady of the Lake" photographs—one of them the Ben Venue and the Trossachs with the Artney river. In acknowledging them, what he wrote of the latter is amusing:—"It is very beautiful, particularly the hill and the trees, but I cannot recall the time when the water was so low, for, long as I have been here, I do not remember ever seeing boulders in the river."

The pyramidical peaked Ben A'an to the right of the road to the pier is, on a fine day, well worth climbing. A path, west of the hotel and branching off the road, leads to a stile, from which the ascent commences. Ben A'an is 1,500 feet high, and the views its summit commands are enchanting—

"And there an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun

One burnished sheet of living gold,
 Loch Katrine lies beneath him rolled
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay."

Canto 1st, xiv.

Instead of returning by the same route, make the descent in the direction of Loch Katrine and Ellen's Isle by a path which opens on to the "Silver Strand," in front of the Isle. This "Strand" Scott describes thus—

"A damsel guider of its way,
 A little skiff shot to the bay.
 * * * * *
 And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
 The beach of pebbles, bright as snow."

Canto 1st, xxv.

And of Ellen's Isle he writes :

"The stranger viewed the shore around,
 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
 Nor track, nor pathway might declare
 That human foot frequented there."

Canto 1st, xxv.

Having secured a negative of Ben A'an I found I had exhausted my list of the "Lady of the Lake" subjects, and therefore returned to Milton, where I found an invitation from Mr. Cunliffe

Brooks, then the tenant of Drummond Castle, to stay with him for three or four weeks ; so, packing up my apparatus, I started for the place to which Sir William Murray drove me in 1861.

Arriving at Crieff I found Mr. Brooks's carriage awaiting, and in a short drive reached Drummond Castle. All the morning it had been raining heavily, but Mr. Brooks believed it would cease ; so after luncheon we went to the forest deer-stalking.

On arriving there we followed the deer-stalker, Donald, up the hill. Cautiously moving on, the latter espied several stags low down, so we retraced our steps ; but with all Donald's skill and care we could not, without exposing ourselves, get sufficiently near them.

It was then determined that I should screen myself in the fern and long grass, Mr. Brooks taking position some distance away, the notion being that as the stags were feeding towards us they might come within range.

Without moving, there I lay for an hour, the rain never ceasing. Evening was approaching and the light failing, and there was no chance for a shot. It was a relief to hear Mr. Brooks's

voice, and when he reached me he congratulated me on the way I had behaved. "Why," he said, "you have lain there like a stone." Wet and cold as I was, I replied, "I believe I am one." We had two miles to walk to the dog-cart, and then a drive of a few miles brought us to the castle. This was my first experience of deer-stalking.

It was arranged that evening that we were to start for the forest at half-past six the next morning.

Although showery, the weather by that time had greatly improved, and I was much struck with the sunlight and cloud effects. On the way Mr. Brooks told me there was a stag with a royal head he was anxious to kill, and as there would be a drive it was arranged that if the big stag passed he was to fire, and then I might take my chance at anything within range, whether stag or hind.

We were taken to a rock, behind which we stood, Donald from time to time cautiously peering up the hill. Presently, in a low tone, he said, "They're coming," and then I witnessed a sight I shall never forget. Down the hill, by a

narrow way, led by a hind, came in Indian file several deer.

In a few minutes they reached a path that was within thirty or forty yards of our rock. Scanning them, Donald said, "There he is," and as he spoke a splendid stag galloped by.

Mr. Brooks fired both barrels, but onward went the stag. In a moment Donald was on his feet, standing between me and the passing deer, so that I was unable to use my rifle, and turning to his master, in tones of rage he said, "I told you so; you always miss when you bring anyone with you," and he stamped and raved.

In the meekest way I ventured to say that I had been watching intently and that in my belief the stag was hard hit by the first bullet.

"I tell you," answered Donald, "you know nothing about it." As there was no restoring him to good-humour, and being joined by the gillies, it was proposed that I should go for a stalk on my own account. I had not, though, gone far before a man overtook me, who breathlessly said, "You're to come back, we've found the stag."

There, within 300 yards from where Mr.

Brooks fired was the dead stag. He had splendid antlers, and had fallen in a position which, taken with the surroundings, would make an excellent picture, but as it was not possible to get my camera and tent to where he was, I made a pencil sketch for the purpose of placing him in a similar position when he was brought to the castle.

Mr. Brooks, addressing Donald, said, "Well, have you nothing to say to my friend Mr. Heath?"

Without one word of apology, he said, "I'll just take a wee drap of whisky with him," and he did this in a way that was new to me. Holding upright one of the stag's antlers, he filled the cup-like recess, which is formed by the three extreme points, with whisky, and invited me to drink; then refilling for himself, he said, "Better luck next time," and took off his portion.

Leaving the stag in charge of a gillie, we started back to the castle, and, later on, when the pony and stag arrived, I obtained the negatives that were required.

My stay at Drummond Castle was prolonged for several weeks, the fine days being utilised for work with the camera, with which I obtained

several negatives of the castle and its lovely grounds; the indifferent days were devoted to shooting and fishing, both sports affording varied and highly interesting experiences.

One of those experiences I mention here because it was entirely new and strongly impressed me.

It was the second week in October, and therefore late for grouse shooting. I had left the castle with Mr. Brooks, who was going to Glenartney for deer stalking, it being intended to drop me on the way at a place where I was to meet the gillies and dogs, and have a day's part-ridge shooting.

When this place was reached, Mr. Brooks said he did not want to lose my company, and proposed that I should accompany him to the lodge at Glenartney, so we drove on, and on our arrival there he turned to a gillie, whose bright, intelligent face struck me at the time, saying, "I want you to show my friend grouse, and do your best to help him to make a good bag."

These instructions the gillie carried out in a very clever and novel way. (It should be explained that he alone accompanied me.) The

morning was calm, with a clear, hot sun, and when we reached the moor, which was on a steep hillside, he directed me to follow the path below, and whenever I came to a burn, to creep cautiously up its side. "If you do this quietly and with care," said he, "you will be sure to come upon grouse. Get, if you can, right and left shots, and return at once to the path you started from."

This I did with great success, over and over again, with the result that, for the time of year, an excellent bag was quickly made, the number of birds being three or four times in excess of what I had the least right to anticipate.

This sport was indulged in until it was time to go to the rendezvous arranged with Mr. Brooks, who was greatly astonished at my good luck. His had been the very reverse, for when he reached the hill for his stalk it was enveloped in heavy mist, and he had come away without raising his rifle.

I never forgot the lesson the gillie taught me, and often since, when on the moors on a hot, sunny, calm morning, I have utilised my experience.

With great regret I ended my visit to Drummond Castle—a visit which, for the warmth of its welcome and the many kindnesses received from my host and his two charming daughters, I shall ever gratefully remember.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Sultan of Turkey at Spithead, 1867 : A Stormy Day—How Captain Tryon enabled me to Photograph the Fleet.

ON July 17th, 1867, the Sultan of Turkey visited England, and was duly fêted and entertained, one important function being a grand review of the fleet by the Queen at Spithead.

Once again I received a commission from the Admiralty, the desire of the Board being to have photographic records of the ceremony. With my experience of the visit of the French fleet, as previously related, I this time sought to make arrangements with the officials such as would secure me against failure ; and I really had a gunboat allotted to me.

I arrived at Portsmouth the day before the review, and, after inquiries, found my ship and arranged to be on board early the following morning. In the meantime I met with Captain

Tryon—now Admiral Sir George Tryon—who told me that he knew of the orders I had received, and volunteered to accompany me. I was but too pleased, and on the next day he met me at the time arranged, and was good enough to put on board a capital lunch.

As soon as we started from our moorings I asked Captain Tryon to take command of the vessel, which, much to my advantage as it turned out, he did.

His first suggestion was that we should steam to Cowes for orders. This we did, pulling up within hailing distance of the Royal Yacht—the *Victoria and Albert*—then at anchor off the Osborne Pier. Captain Tryon undertook to do that which was necessary; and, hailing a sentry, asked for the commander.

Prince Leiningen being in command, came to her stern, and after Captain Tryon's explanation, gave us orders to follow the yacht during the review.

What a day it was! it was blowing a gale, accompanied by heavy rain and hail. One of the Queen's yachts had gone to Portsmouth to receive and convey the Sultan to Cowes; and when we

from the gunboat were able to make her out, I thought it would be a good opportunity to test the photographic conditions of the day.

So looking down the hold, at the bottom of which my tent was fixed, in charge of a German assistant, I called to him to prepare and bring me a plate. There came, in weak tones, an answer, "I can't." I went down, and there was my poor German absolutely incapacitated. I therefore prepared the plate myself and exposed it as the yacht with the Sultan passed us, only to find that the result was the very deadeast of failures.

I communicated this to Captain Tryon, and told him that, so far as my work was concerned, failure for the rest of the day was inevitable.

In a short time the *Victoria and Albert* left her moorings with the Queen and Sultan on board, and steamed towards the fleet; and, in accordance with our orders, we followed in her wake.

In spite of most unfavourable weather it was a grand and imposing sight. The fleet was moored in two lines, between which the *Victoria and Albert* passed, our gunboat following. I was,

though, more than ever convinced that there was no work my camera could do, so I gave myself up to the enjoyment of a pageant such as I had never previously seen.

We had reached the extremity of the lines, where the Queen's yacht stopped for the performance of some ceremony which was to take place on board, on conclusion of which she turned and again steamed down between the ships.

Following the yacht as before, Captain Tryon said to me: "Vernon Heath, you are not the man to go away to-day without taking a negative."

"Well," I answered, "as you know, I would do anything to get one, but it is not possible."

"Well, we will just see," he replied. "I may fail, but, nevertheless, I have thought of a scheme."

That scheme was as follows: I was directed to place my camera, without its stand, on the top of one of the paddle-boxes; two of the crew were told off to lie by its side, and hold on the cloth which covered it, and then, when the intended view was focussed and the plate was in position,

I was to give a signal which Captain Tryon arranged with me.

All this was accurately and exactly carried out, and, to my surprise, the ship, which throughout the day had been rolling considerably, suddenly steadied, and I exposed my plate.

Seamen and yachtsmen will know what it was that, under Captain Tryon's orders, had been done. As we were steaming on our course, the rudder, in a moment, had been put right about, and thus, for the time that was necessary for my purpose, the vessel was steady.

To Captain Tryon—and to him alone—I was indebted for a good negative and most interesting record of a grand ceremony, obtained, too, under conditions such as I should have deemed hopeless.

My negative having been put safely away; we all, save one—my poor assistant—sat down to a lunch that was greatly enjoyed. The review was then over. The gunboat was steered for the harbour, where, with many acknowledgments for his valuable help, I took leave of Captain Tryon.

CHAPTER XX.

Landseer's Lions, Trafalgar Square: Press Discussion on Their Merits—Police Assistance—An old Apple-woman—Landseer's Letter—Tom Taylor's Article in the *Times*.

IMMEDIATELY after Landseer's nobly-conceived animals were placed upon their pedestals at the foot of the Nelson Column a rather acrimonious discussion was commenced—and continued for some time—in the press. I remember my friend Mr. Tom Taylor was prominent amongst those who approved; but adverse critics were powerful and numerous.

It was at the time when this dispute was at its height that I was required to call upon the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, who gave me instructions to take a series of large negatives of the lions.

Knowing the difficulty I should have to

encounter, for my two-camera plan would fail where I had to deal with hundreds of people, I asked the Commissioner to give me a letter to the officials at Scotland Yard.

There I saw a superintendent—Mr. Mott—who, at public ceremonies, had been of great service to me; he undertaking that if I gave him an hour's notice, fifty constables would be told off to protect me.

I had to wait for a favourable morning, for it was in the month of February. On the first opportunity I sent to Scotland Yard, and on my arrival at Trafalgar Square found the ground excellently kept by the police I had been promised.

My photographic tent was put up outside the line where the public stood, and was protected by constables. I was quickly at work, for I had undertaken with the superintendent not to keep his men longer than was necessary.

I took, in all, eight negatives; two of each lion, from different points. One of them, I remember, was certainly amusing. I intended to take the whole right side of the lion on the south-west pedestal, and noticed that immediately

over the centre of his back, and coming consequently into my plate, was the perky lion with its outstretched tail, above the gateway of old Northumberland House. It was ludicrous in the extreme: the massive, quiet, couchant beast in front, and, far away, the well-known ducal one.

During the time of my work a curious incident happened. I was leaving my tent with a plate, which had just been prepared, when an old apple-woman, with her basket on her arm, stopped me just outside the line of people, and, showing me a sovereign, said it should be mine if I would let her go inside, and stand against the pedestal of the column.

What her motive was I could not divine: from her manner and dress one would have imagined a sovereign an important coin for her to possess. At all events, when I refused she looked greatly disappointed, so much so that I think I should not have been surprised if she had increased her offer.

I sent Sir Edwin Landseer eight proofs from my negatives, and some little time after he wrote to me as follows:—

"St. John's Wood Road,

"March 11th, 1867.

"MY DEAR VERNON HEATH,—I have been so much occupied and so unwell lately that many things have escaped my prompt attention. Yes, I did receive the photographs of my colossal works in Trafalgar Square, and was much pleased by the successful result, unquestionably the best photographs of the lions yet done.

"Accept my thanks for the impressions sent here. I have recommended no end of friends to go to your studio for similar proofs.

"Yours faithfully,

"E. LANDSEER."

I mentioned previously the discussion which took place in the Press upon the merits of Sir Edwin's work. In the *Times*, March, 1867, appeared the following article from the pen of Mr. Tom Taylor:—

"Now that Sir Edwin's noble quartet have exhausted the carping of small criticism, the first and general impression of their dignity and grandeur is quietly resuming its supremacy.

“We have now before us four masterly photographs by Vernon Heath, two representing the lion who looks to the north-westerly, and two devoted to him who looks to the south-westerly angle of the square. Of the former, the finest represents a foreshortened view of one of these mighty beasts from flank to head in diffused light strong enough to show the magnificent markings of the loin and the lithe strength of the tail, the National Gallery forming the background. The other north-westerly lion is in profile, with St. Martin’s Church in the background, and the body in light, with the broad thigh projecting a bold shadow, and the great fold of loose skin that connects the reposing thigh and the flank brought into strong relief.

“Of the other brace, one is a boldly foreshortened view of the noble front-face, chest, and arms, with the light from the south-east just catching at the lower jaw and one side of the mane; the other, in profile, gives the body in broad half-shadow, the light falling on the back and edges of the forearms. Northumberland House, with its rival lion, very small, as he ought to look by the side of Sir Edwin’s, forms the

background of this view. Next to seeing the real lions, we should recommend the study of Mr. Vernon Heath's photographs to all who wish to form an adequate judgment of this last and best addition to the monumental sculpture of the metropolis."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Fenian Outrage at Clerkenwell: Went There to Photograph—The Injury done—The object in View—The Results of the Explosion.

EARLY in the morning of December 14th, 1867, I was awoke by the housekeeper, who told me that a policeman was below, sent by the authorities of Scotland Yard with a letter for me. He was brought to my room, and told me of the diabolical attempt that had been made the previous afternoon to blow up the House of Detention at Clerkenwell; and I gathered from what he said, that the extent of the atrocity—which, as was discovered afterwards, was unexampled in its boldness of conception—was not at that moment fully known.

The letter contained a request from the Commissioner of Police to me to be at Clerkenwell as soon after daylight as possible with my camera.

I may say, in passing, that this outrage, which

spread destruction over a whole neighbourhood, killing, maiming, and wounding forty innocent people—men, women, and children of all ages, some of whom happened to be passing at the time—was committed in order to rescue two of the perpetrators' accomplices—Burke and Casey—who had been remanded by a magistrate and sent to the House of Detention. The object was to destroy the wall of the prison at the time the prisoners were taking exercise, and carry them off through the gap which the explosion would create.

I reached the prison soon after 8 o'clock, and with the assistance of the police was speedily at work. It was a terrible scene! and, so far as regards the effect of the explosion, the experiment had been horribly successful. A vast breach had been made in the wall, not less than 60 feet wide, and the whole row of houses opposite the gap had been wrecked, as if shattered by an earthquake or ravaged by fire.

The house immediately facing the centre of the breach was the most damaged; those on each side being windowless and doorless, while huge wide cracks were everywhere visible. The

precincts of the prison were encumbered with ruins. Its windows, the coarse glass of which was more than a quarter of an inch thick, were, to a great extent, broken, and the side of the building immediately facing the outer wall in which the breach was made—about 150 feet from it—bore the marks of the bricks which had been hurled against it by the explosion.

The great body of the prisoners were thrown into an indescribable state of alarm, and believed the prison was on fire; and, terror-stricken they clamoured to be released, some breaking the doors of their cells and in this way escaping into the adjoining corridors.

I remember, in connection with the house that was chiefly wrecked, that the entire of the front had been blown out, exposing the floors and rooms, in one of which I noticed a bird in a cage, which hopped about as if that which had happened was an everyday occurrence; in another there was a kettle on the remains of what, at the time of the explosion, was a fire; and in a third room a cat was moving furtively about, scared and unhappy.

I obtained in a short time all the negatives

that were necessary as records of the effects of the explosion on the wall, prison, and houses, and the moment my work was finished men began pulling down or shoring up the most dangerous of the injured houses.

It came out in evidence that some persons were seen, just before a quarter to four in the afternoon, to wheel a barrow or a truck into the thoroughfare called Corporation Lane, one side of which is formed by the prison wall, and there leave it, the explosion, which sounded like a discharge of artillery, occurring exactly at a quarter to four o'clock.

Of the forty persons injured, one was killed on the spot ; thirty-six were taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where three died the same night.

Doubtlessly the time selected was done advisedly, the miscreants believing that the prisoners would be then exercising. It was, though, fortunate for them that they were not, as, judging from the force with which the bricks and débris struck the prison, most of them would have been annihilated.

There were military officers who, arguing from the effects that had been produced by the

explosion, came to the conclusion that it was not gunpowder, but nitro-glycerine that had been used ; others thought the barrel contained petroleum. One interesting feature in the history of this outrage is the fact that the authorities had been forewarned on the afternoon preceding the explosion, the chairman of the Middlesex magistrates and the governor of the gaol receiving a communication from Sir Richard Mayne—the information it is believed came from Dublin—distinctly stating that an attempt would be made to blow up the prison, and indicating even the hour it would be made—namely, between 3 and 4 in the afternoon. It was in consequence of this the prisoners were not exercised at their usual time !

Timothy Desmond, Jeremiah Allen, and a woman named Justice, were speedily arrested as participators in the crime. I believe there was a second Desmond, for in my diary there is a note of December 24th, 1867, from which it appears that William Desmond, Nicholas England, John Mullany, and John O'Keefe, were, before Sir Thomas Henry, charged with the same crime.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lockinge and Ardington, Lord Wantage's: The Scene of My earliest Camera Experiences—The House Party—Rustic Sports—A Donkey Race—The Bishop's Sympathy for a Lad who did not Win—How he spoilt a Good Story—The Lockinge House Murillo: Interesting History.

IN July, 1869, Colonel Loyd Lindsay — now Lord Wantage—invited me to Lockinge. The Berkshire Volunteers under his command were then “camping out” at Abingdon; the honorary colonel, H.R.H. Prince Christian, being present.

The Ardington estate, which belonged to the late Robert Vernon, adjoined the Lockinge property, and at his decease both the Ardington and Lockinge estates were bought by Lord Overstone, the father of Lady Wantage.

It will readily be imagined that as it was at Ardington that my first experiments with the camera were made, and that its neighbourhood was the scene of my earliest work, it was with

no small gratification, so many years afterwards, I found myself in the midst of all the old subjects; and it will go without saying that, most naturally, I repeated the whole of them. Nor needless to add with how much interest, on returning to London, I compared the negatives that were obtained with the Talbotype negatives of 1842—twenty-seven years previously!

The house-party at Lockinge included the Prince and Princess Christian, Lord Overstone, Lord and Lady Bury, Colonel Charles Lindsay, Miss Violet Lindsay, and the Bishop of Oxford.

One day Colonel Loyd Lindsay, for the entertainment of his guests, arranged to hold rustic sports and pastimes on the ridge of the beautiful Berkshire Downs on the Lockinge estate.

There were the usual sports and amusements: jumping in sacks, climbing greasy poles, and all that which constitutes a rustic fête. There was also a donkey race, and to witness this the Bishop, Lord Bury, and myself, stood near the starting-post.

Amongst the competitors was a lad on a well-bred white donkey, who declared, with certain

very forcible adjectives, that his mount would most unquestionably win.

But this was not to be. His donkey was last, and in explaining this result the rider was guilty of expressing himself in language especially unfit for the ears of a Church dignitary.

For the convenience of the Princess and the ladies, a marquee had been pitched on one side of the ridge, to which we three went. The Bishop, addressing Her Royal Highness, said, "Oh, madam, I have felt so sorry for a poor boy, who believed that he would with certainty win the donkey race; he was, however, last, and he explained that it was due entirely to the shouting and noise that frightened his donkey."

"Yes," mischievously remarked Lord Bury, "there is no doubt he gave that as the reason, and that may have been so, but most certainly he did not say so in your language."

"No," rejoined the Bishop, in his kind manner, "I admit he did not, and I fear that I have spoilt a good story by leaving all its best points out."

Lockinge had been much altered and improved since I first knew it, and is now all a country house should be. A large and beautiful

saloon has been added, in which are the pictures and other works of art collected by Lord Overstone, who had consummate taste and great experience.

Amongst the pictures is a Murillo of priceless value, in relation to which persistent search and inquiry enables me to relate one of the most interesting and striking picture stories ever heard in the artistic world.

No picture can have had a more chequered career than the Lockinge Murillo. Idolised by its original custodians, and even in their days believed to be the best of the "Assumptions" of the master, it was looted by the rapacious Marshal Soult at the time the French army invaded Spain.

It had been painted by Murillo as an altar-piece for a church in Seville. The subject was "The Virgin," wearing a crimson robe, a blue mantle, and a light blue veil on her head, standing on clouds, and supported by cherubs, the size of the canvas being 91 by 64 inches.

After Soult had captured it, and while it was yet in Spain an attempt—due, no doubt, to the instigation of the authorities of the church who had had it in their charge—was made to recover it.

This only partially succeeded ; for those who undertook the task, failing to remove it in its entire state, cut out and carried away the centre portion, comprising the child and the half-length figure of the Madonna—a portion which measured 40 by 30 inches, or nearly one-half the lineal dimensions of the picture.

This fragment was subsequently brought to England, and purchased by Mr. Gray, of Harringhay House, from whom Mr. Samuel Jones Loyd—afterwards Lord Overstone—acquired it. I have been unable to trace what sum he gave for it ; but being only a part of a picture, whatever was paid must have been a mere bagatelle compared to the value of the work in its original state.

The mutilated remainder of the canvas Marshal Soult took to Paris, where, by the aid of engravings and other means at command, the artist Lejeune made a *facsimile* of the missing portion. This he accomplished with marked success, the colour and tone of the picture being accurately followed ; and then a picture restorer put Lejeune's work in its place in the canvas.

But the intrinsic value of the picture was even

then relatively little, for it was merely a remnant of the original.

Lejeune afterwards visited England on behalf of the Marshal, having instructions to find the missing fragment, and, if possible, to purchase it. Tracing it from Mr. Gray to Lord Overstone, Lejeune called at Carlton Gardens, but no offer or inducement on his part could prevail with its possessor to part with it.

When the Soult collection was sold in Paris in 1852, the picture with the substituted Virgin and Child, then called "*La Vierge Coupée*," was bought in for 5,000 francs.

It was at the same sale that the magnificent Murillo, also one of Soult's captures, "*The Immaculate Conception*," was purchased by the French Government, at the instigation of Louis Napoleon (his first great picture purchase) for 586,000 francs—about £23,340. The competitors for this prize were the Emperor of Russia, the Queen of Spain, the Marquis of Hertford, and the British National Gallery. The latter, being limited to £5,000, was soon put out of the contest, and when the biddings reached 500,000 francs, the French Government entered the

lists, and carried off the prize for the sum above stated.

Nine years later—1861—Lord Overstone and Sir Charles and Lady Eastlake being in Paris, a friend of Sir Charles, in course of a conversation, spoke of "*La Vierge Coupée*." The party consequently went to the Soult house, with the result that Lord Overstone, it is believed, bought for £500—the picture which, in 1852, had been bought in for 5,000 francs.

It was then taken to England, and the fragment already in the possession of Lord Overstone was reunited with it after a separation of fifty years! So skilfully was this effected, that it is only by very close and minute examination that the process of restoration can be detected.

Mr. Wornum, of the National Gallery, than whom no better judge existed, said, speaking of this restored picture, that in beauty it was equal to any Murillo of its class.

What, then, with such an opinion as this to guide one, is the present value of the Lockinge picture? The French Government having in 1852 given the sum stated above for the "*Immaculate Conception*," surely the reunited picture

is worth as much ; and yet, as has been shown, the portions when separated had relatively only a small value ; Soult's portion, for instance, which was bought in for £200, selling subsequently for only £500.

Few, if any, other pictures possess so strange and interesting a history—a history with so singular a termination ! How much, too, is its present owner to be congratulated for the lustre and importance added to the Lockinge collection, in consequence of the remarkable circumstances that enabled Lord Overstone to become its possessor !

I cannot close this story without acknowledging the assistance that has been so willingly given me by several friends and acquaintances, and by others, who, though strangers to me, were kind enough to take an interest in my researches.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Autotype Process : An interesting and valuable Process explained.

I HAVE as yet avoided speaking of any particular photographic process, but here propose to make an exception in favour of the *Autotype*, the discovery and introduction of which has been such a distinct gain and important aid to photography.

As a process it is very simple, and yet so astonishing when shown the first time, that it is thought a short description of it will be acceptable.

As soon as the instability of all the ordinary photographic methods was recognised, it became the end and aim of a large number of earnest workers, in all parts of the world where photography was known, to provide a remedy; and, by the cumulative effect of successive inventions and improvements, means were found by which this end was attained.

Gelatine plays an important part in many photographic inventions, and does so in the autotype process, which is entitled to take the highest rank on account of the beauty and completeness of its results.

The word "autotype" signifies self-printing, a term adopted by those who proposed and intended to express the power of producing, independently of any aid or action other than that which belongs to the process, a picture in "monochrome," whether, to use the language of a well-known writer—the late Mr. Tom Taylor—"it be in red or black chalk, indian ink, sepia, common ink—in short, any colouring matter that can be incorporated with gelatine;" and he adds "as only the pigments which are the most permanent that are known to art are used in the process, the finished autotype is as permanent *as the pigment which is selected for its production.*"

As will be seen from this extract, the colour of an autotype picture *is due alone to the pigment that is used.* When colour has been incorporated with gelatine the preparation is then called "pigmented gelatine," and with it paper suitable

for the purpose is coated. If not needed for immediate use it is allowed to dry, and in that state will keep any reasonable time, light having no action upon it; it may even, without injury, be soaked in cold water and again dried, but if put into hot water the gelatine is dissolved and the pigment washed away.

Here comes in the particularly striking part of the process, which is as simple as it is interesting, but which, as will be seen, is in its results most important. To render a sheet of pigmented gelatine photographic—which means to render it sensitive to the action of light—it has to be immersed for a short time in a solution of bichromate of potass. This must be done in a room where there is no actinic light, and where it can be dried and kept until needed for use. In that state, as far as is apparent, there is no change or alteration in the original preparation.

But expose the film of “bichromatised gelatine” to light, and at once a most important change is set up; that is, the film *which before exposure to light was readily soluble, becomes by exposure to it, insoluble.* So that a sheet of

bichromatised gelatine, having been subjected to light *in an exact and equal degree* on every portion of it, an equal degree of insolubility supervenes. But the effect that is produced by placing between it and the light's action varying degrees of resistance is far more important and wonderful.

Such action may be epitomised thus:—The degree of insolubility that is attained and the degree of solubility that is preserved is in exact proportion to the degree in which light is shut out from or let into the coating of the bichromatised gelatine; that is, suppose that, intervening between it and the light, there is a means of resistance constructed on an exact scale of gradation of tones, running from transparency to opacity, that resistance would be translated into the same exact gradations of the pigment which had been mixed with the gelatine.

This can possibly be made clear by describing one of the experiments I made at the Royal Institution. A sheet of plate glass, 12 by 10 inches in size, was in the first place taken; then seventy-eight slips of tissue paper were used, each 1 inch wide and 10 inches long; on the first inch of the glass I fixed, one above the other,

twelve of those slips ; on the second, eleven ; on the third, ten, and so on to the last, which had one.

Now, these different thicknesses of paper, taking them from twelve to one, would offer a resistance to the light's action in a strictly graduated and accurate degree.

In contact with this arrangement of tissue paper a sheet of bichromatised gelatine was placed, and exposed for the necessary time to the action of light, which, in accordance with the formula previously epitomised, would affect it in exact proportion to the degree of resistance offered by the varying thicknesses of the paper: that is, where there was but one thickness, there would be the maximum effect ; while where the twelve thicknesses were, there would be the minimum ; and between those extremes the light's action would be *exactly equal to the amount* of resistance. So that the effect on the bichromatised film is to render it insoluble *in proportion to the resistance created by the varying thicknesses of paper*. So much of the gelatine film that has preserved, in varying degrees, its solubility is then dissolved and washed away by hot water ; and the insoluble that remains will represent a

series of twelve tones, absolutely exact as to their gradation.

Now these twelve tones may be taken as the equivalent of all the tones that are met with in a landscape negative in which are several planes of distance; take, for instance, one of the Vale of Festiniog, North Wales, where the foreground would be strong and forcible, and the range of hills in the extreme distance light and delicate, the space intervening providing the remaining ten tones of the slips of tissue paper of the experiment.

Consequently, assume that such a negative as that of the "Vale of Festiniog" has to be printed in autotype, a sheet of bichromatised gelatine about its own size is placed in contact with it in a photographer's ordinary printing frame, and is then exposed to light (the action of which is regulated exactly by the number of tones there are in the negative), and when the necessary exposure has been given, the bichromatised film and paper are immersed in hot water until the whole of the soluble portion of the film is dissolved and washed away, that which is left—the *insoluble*—being the *photograph* in which all the gradations of the

negative are rendered in the most exquisite and perfect way.

This, then, is the autotype process—simple and most effective—its great value being that it is absolutely and completely permanent.

At the lecture referred to my assistants “developed” a large view of “Windsor Castle from the Thames,” printed on a sheet of bichromatised gelatine 50 by 40 inches in size.

As previously stated no *apparent* change takes place in such a sheet by its exposure to light under a negative, the original dark tint being preserved just as it was before it was exposed. But the effect of “developing” it, that is, immersing it in hot water, is magical. Gradually the soluble parts of the film are washed away; first all those portions where the dark tones of the print are, then the less dark, and so on until the lightest tones are reached, which in the “Windsor Castle” negative was the castle itself. No more effective lecture demonstration can be witnessed; every member of the audience watched what was being done with the keenest interest, and there were unmistakable signs of this when the development of the print was finished.

It was in 1871 that I adopted the autotype process for enlarging and printing, and from that date until now all my landscape negatives of any interest have been enlarged to sizes varying from 28 by 21 inches to 53 by 43, the gain pictorially and artistically being immense; and it was to the success of these autotype enlargements I attribute the invitation I received to lecture on the process at the Royal Institution. Before leaving this subject it may be interesting to add that in an autotype print details are rendered with far more perfection than by the old processes; indeed, in two particular instances details were made manifest to me that I did not know were present in my original negatives.

One of these was a view of a house on the Thames with the clock tower of the stables some distance away, and in the print, 12 by 10 inches in size, the clock was a small white disc about the size of a pea. In the enlargement, 27 by 21 inches, the hands and numerals were seen, the time indicated being a quarter to one. Similarly I had taken a negative of an old mansion from its park, and running around the fence which separated the garden and park was wire rabbit

netting, which was not visible in the 12 by 10 print, but distinctly to be seen in the large one.

Autotype can also most perfectly reproduce texture and material. Take the following instance as an example :—Some years ago when the Empress of Austria was hunting in the neighbourhood of Lord Spencer's seat at Althorp, an artist, who was a guest there, made several pencil sketches of the meets, and of incidents of the hunt. His lordship afterwards sent for me and asked whether there was any photographic process that would accurately reproduce those sketches, the result being that they were entrusted to me.

Negatives were then made of the exact size of the originals, and gelatine was taken, with which, as a pigment, was incorporated lead, in quality and character accurately agreeing with that of the pencil the artist had used for his drawings; and with this the negatives were printed, the result being that when they were finished they were *an exact reproduction of the pencil originals*.

Every touch of the pencil, even to the faintest line, was present in the autotype prints. In addition to this Watney's drawing paper of the same quality as that of the originals had

been used, the consequence being that it was impossible to tell the autotypes from the originals.

I sent a proof set of the autotype prints to Lord Spencer, retaining, for the moment, his originals. In a short time after they were delivered his secretary came to me to ask *why the drawings had been returned*, and whether I had failed in doing that which I had deemed possible.

A higher compliment could not have been paid to the accuracy with which autotype can reproduce texture and imitate material.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Home-coming of the Princess Louise: Three Routes to Inverary—The Castle—The Volunteers from Glasgow—How the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess arrived—The Balls and Entertainments—The Highland Sports—The Gale and the Duchess's Ball—Dr. Norman Macleod—The Week after the Fêtes—Satisfactory Work—Glen Shira—A gratifying Result—Visit to Dalmally—A lovely Drive—Peter Robertson—Story of Landseer's "There's Life in the old Dog yet."

THE Duke of Argyll asked me to Inverary for the Home-coming festivities in honour of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. There are three routes by which the castle can be reached, one being by coach from Tarbet on Loch Lomond. Starting from the pier, the road winds round the head of Loch Long, and crossing the waters of Loin enters Argyllshire. It then skirts the western shore of the loch until it turns to the north into Glencroe, a desolate glen about six miles in length exhibiting, though, the most sublime scenery.

On the right after entering the glen is a range of hills, conspicuous among which are the Brack

(2,500 feet) and the Cobbler (2,750 feet), whose rocky summit is cracked and shattered into various fanciful forms.

The road through the glen was made by the 22nd Regiment, and is good except at the last mile, where it attains the height of 860 feet. Here the well-known seat, inscribed "Rest and be thankful," has been erected for the benefit of weary travellers, which in Wordsworth's sonnet is alluded to in these words:—

"Doubling and doubling with laborious walk,
Who that has gained at length the wished-for height,
This brief, this simple wayside call can slight,
And rest *not* thankful?"

The road then gradually descends towards Loch Fyne by the side of the Kinglas Water. On reaching the loch side and getting round Stone Point and the head of Loch Shira, Inverary is reached.

A second route is by steamer from Greenock to Loch Goilhead—a charming way—and then by coach to St. Catherine's Pier, opposite Inverary, the distance from Loch Goilhead being ten miles.

That part of the road which passes through

Hell's Glen, a wild valley almost parallel with Glencroe, is steep and hilly, but the four miles of ascent afford picturesque glimpses of wild mountain scenery. At the fourth mile, at the height of some 800 feet, the descent towards St. Catherine's commences, and on arriving there a steamer conveys passengers across the loch (two miles) to Inverary.

A third route is that by the *Lord of the Isles* steamer, also from Greenock viâ the Kyles of Bute; and then rounding Ardlamont Point into Loch Fyne, where there is a clear run of forty miles to Inverary.

Inverary is situated at the lower end of a small bay, where the river Aray falls into Loch Fyne. The castle was built by the third duke (Archibald) in 1744-61. It is a massive quadrangular building with round towers at the angles, and surmounted in the centre by a square winged pavilion, whose casements admit light to the interior. Duniquoich, a conspicuous cone-shaped hill with a watch-tower on its summit, dominates the castle and town.

In consequence of the large number of guests invited, His Grace had taken the Argyll Arms

Hotel for the festival week ; and there all stayed who could not be accommodated at the castle, Lords Archibald and Colin Campbell acting as hosts.

Besides all the castle and hotel guests, there were many others who had come in yachts to share in the functions of the week.

A storm came on as we crossed the bay in the afternoon, and later the weather became terrible, for, as our first evening closed in, the wind had risen to a gale, accompanied by a deluge of rain.

The hotel is close to the margin of the loch. About 8 o'clock the following morning I was awakened by bugle sounds and military words of command ; and, on looking out, found that a steamer had arrived from Glasgow with a regiment of Highland Volunteers, nearly a thousand strong. They were a fine body of men, the majority hailing from Argyllshire. The Marquis of Lorne being honorary colonel, the regiment had come for the purpose of receiving him and the Princess on their arrival at the castle.

The condition of the men on landing was pitiable ; their steamer had little other than deck accommodation, and consequently they had been

exposed all night to the pelting rain. Having fallen in, they were marched up to the castle, and were then dismissed, with orders to assemble again at half-past one o'clock, the Princess and Lord Lorne being expected to arrive half an hour later.

The whole of the morning it rained without intermission, confining us all to the house; but about 1 o'clock, the weather having cleared somewhat, a gentleman, one of the hotel guests, who had come with his gunners to fire a salute, asked me to walk with him to the castle, as he wished to inspect his guns.

On arriving there absolute quiet reigned, no one being about; all at once we saw, half a mile or so in the distance, two four-horse carriages coming towards us at a rapid pace. We stood watching them until they dashed across Frews Bridge and entered the castle grounds, and in a few seconds had pulled up at the portico.

Such was the arrival of Princess Louise and her husband; not a single person was present to receive them—even the hall porter being absent. No salute, no Volunteers, no public; indeed, no one to witness this home-coming but our twoselves.

So satisfied were all concerned that the arrival could not be earlier than 2 o'clock that a man who had been sent to the top of the Duniquoich Hill, which commands a view of the road for a considerable distance, and whose duty it was to signal the approach of the carriages, was not at his post.

It was, of course, a great disappointment to everyone, especially to the Duke and his family, though no one was really to blame. The rain, and the rain only, had spoiled everything. Her Royal Highness and the Marquis had to drive several miles, and it was understood that at many places they passed through they would be presented with addresses, which would have to be replied to; but the weather being so wretched these addresses were merely given in at the window, it being arranged that replies would be sent afterwards.

Under these circumstances the programme was altered in this way. The Volunteers paraded at the time ordered; the public flocked in from Inverary; my friend with his men were at their station by the guns, and everything being ready, even to a fresh deluge of rain, the Duke, the

Duchess, and their family, accompanied by the Princess and the Marquis, came to the great porch of the castle, and then the ceremony, which was intended for the arrival, was gone through.

That night a ball was given in honour of the arrival of the Princess and Lord Lorne, the Duke having had, for this purpose and for other balls and entertainments that were to take place, a large wooden pavilion erected in the grounds near the castle.

It was at that ball I witnessed, for the first time, Scotch dances in which a hundred couples took part, accompanied by several bagpipers. If I had been asked to award the palm for the greatest energy, I should have been puzzled to determine whether to have given it to the dancers or the players, both being so thoroughly in earnest.

It had been arranged that a grand display of fireworks, by a well-known maker of Glasgow, should take place in the park that night; but, in consequence of the rain, this failed ignominiously, all attempts resulting in nothing but fizzings and sputterings. The town boys, though, profited

by the failure, for early next morning they annexed the wet fireworks, and in some manner dried them, and for several nights afterwards the sound of fireworks was heard all over Inverary.

Rain fell persistently until the last of the fête days, when a gleam of sunshine tempted Lord Drogheda and myself into the belief that it was possible to get a negative of the numerous yachts then at anchor in the bay ; as a keen yachtsman, he was most anxious to secure a photographic record of the yacht fleet, so between us, with all the haste that could be made, my apparatus was got ready, and into my tent I went to prepare a plate.

In those days the time necessary to do this was three or four minutes, and in less than half that time I heard the pattering of rain-drops on the roof of the tent. On coming out with my plate, I found this was but too true, and an end was put to my hope of getting the negative I wanted, for early the next morning the yachts were to depart.

This was the single and only attempt I made to take a photograph during all the four days of the fêtes. Had they been held the following

week, what a different result would have been attained!

On the Friday afternoon Highland sports were held in a meadow a short distance from the castle, to which a large number of the guests went. I remember being so struck with the patience and coolness of the participators in those sports. None but Scotchmen, in such weather, would have gone through what they did, and that, too, cheerfully and deliberately.

I particularly noticed one man, who did a sword dance. He wore several large medals, and evidently was a champion dancer. As he came with dignity and grace on the platform he was struck by a gust of wind and rain, which, in an instant, washed away the sand that had been strewn for his dancing. But he put down his swords, and went through his performance as carefully and skilfully as he would have done had everything been in his favour.

Early in the afternoon we left the scene of the Highland sports, our way back being by the side of the loch. How the wind had risen! and what dire results it brought about!

The ladies who had come ashore in the

morning were unable to return to their yachts to dress for the Duchess's ball that night, and those who were on board were compelled to remain there.

Owing to the gale, some of the yachts dragged their anchors, and, but for the aid given them by the steam yachts, would have been wrecked.

I have already spoken of the pavilion in which the fêtes were held. The entrance to it faced a high hill, from which, while the Duchess's ball was at its height, there came a flood of water, that rushed into the ball-room, and would in a short time have flooded it. Assistance, therefore, was procured, and the entrance wholly closed, a new one being made on the opposite side.

This was the last function of the fêtes, and, in spite of all drawbacks and difficulties, it was a great success.

Nothing could exceed her Grace's charming, kind, and attentive manner. The Duke, too, was all that a host could be, and he was ably assisted by his sons and daughters.

On the following day—Saturday—the guests departed, and, had the weather been fine, the sailing away of so many yachts would have been a sight long to be remembered.

Amongst the visitors of that week there were several who greatly interested me. The late Lord Shaftesbury was one, Lord Granville being another; and there, again, I met Bishop Wilberforce: but of all present, none struck me more than Dr. Norman Macleod.

Fortunately, he was quartered at the Argyll Arms Hotel—he and his wife. He was a most charming talker, and I filled a notebook with scraps of his conversation.

On the Sunday which followed the week of the fêtes, two services were held in the pavilion; in the morning by Bishop Wilberforce (then Bishop of Winchester), in the afternoon by Dr. Macleod. The addresses or sermons of each were striking and impressive, but that which chiefly registered itself on my memory was Dr. Macleod's prayer for the Argyll family. Touching, emphatic, and affectionate, he closed it with the petition that the marriage which that week had been celebrated with such an abundance of hospitality, attention, and kindness, would, to all interested, result in happiness and prosperity.

Dr. Macleod died in June, 1872. In 1876 I was at Sligachan, Isle of Skye, and there met his

two sons—young lads then—and I well remember their grateful words for what I said to them of their father.

On the last-mentioned Sunday there had been no rain; a mist hung over the land, but it could be conjectured that, at even a low altitude, the sun and blue sky would be seen. Monday morning broke in the utmost splendour; and for the whole of the following week no finer weather could be experienced. How often did my mind go back to the Home-coming!

To the great Marquis of Argyll (1640) Inverary is indebted for many of its fine trees and avenues, which remain a memorial of his good taste and discernment in planting. The trees consist chiefly of larches, New England pines, spruces, beeches, and silver fir. One of the avenues, formed of aged beeches, strikes off at a gateway close to the hotel, and passing behind the town, conducts to a romantic glen about two miles distant, called the Lovers' Glen. On the way a wonderful beech tree is seen, called the Marriage Tree, on account of the peculiar manner in which its trunk is united.

In the park between Frews Bridge and Cherry

Park, and standing alone in its grandeur, is a splendid specimen of the Scots fir, straighter and taller in the bole than any other I know. Passing it and following the path we are led to the Aray, and from the point then reached to the beautiful Fall of Linaghlutain, a series of pictures are presented to the eye which are as enchanting as perfect.

Early and late I was about with my camera, working chiefly on the Aray, between the castle and the upper fall. There is a private drive along the river bank—a favourite one with the late Duchess—who often came to ascertain what progress I was making.

One morning I took some of my negatives to the castle, and while the Duke was looking at them Lord Shaftesbury's daughter asked me if I had been to Glen Shira. I turned to the Duke, who said, "I have not sent you there as it is a place beyond the capabilities of your camera."

So I determined to see Glen Shira, and after a long walk through exquisite scenery, was directed to a house on a hill—the farm of Drimlea.

What a view was there! A valley, through whose length wound a river, with a glimpse of

the bay at Inverary at the end. On each side of the valley arose hill upon hill, many of them clothed with trees.

The farmhouse being close by I went in, and, telling the owners who I was, said that, weather permitting, I should be there at 8.30 the following day. It happened that the weather was most propitious, and arriving at the time stated, I secured two negatives, one of which was as good as I could desire.

I was preparing to leave, when the good-wife came out and asked me to breakfast, another instance added to my many records of Scotch hospitality.

Returning to the castle, I dried and varnished my negatives, and took the best of them to the Duke.

"Duke," I said, "will you do me the favour to look at this?"

"Why," said he, "it is Glen Shira;" and after carefully examining it, he congratulated me on my success.

My visit to that lovely glen brought about a very gratifying result, viz., that the best of the two negatives, its size being 12 by 10 inches, was enlarged to 53 by 43 inches.

With other of my works this enlargement was sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and was awarded the only gold medal given for landscape photography exhibited by the photographers of Great Britain and the colonies.

When returning from Skye in 1876, I stayed for a few days at Inverary, and obtained a number of negatives, which completed the series I commenced in 1871.

During this visit I drove to Dalmally, one chief reason for doing so being this:—Everyone knows Landseer's picture, "There's Life in the old Dog yet." A stag and deerhound have rushed over a precipice, and the deer-stalker, or head gillie, having been lowered by a rope, is represented with one hand on the dog, shouting to those who are watching from above the words of the title of the picture.

Having made known to Sir Edwin my intention of visiting Dalmally he pressed me to call upon Peter Robertson, who is the man represented with the stag and hound. "Peter," said Sir Edwin, "will be so glad to see you, especially if you say I told you to go to him."

The road from Inverary to Dalmally is

particularly fine, being, in the first instance, through Glen Aray, and then along the shore of the lovely Loch Awe. The lower half of Glen Aray is beautifully wooded, and less than a mile from the town there are some grand firs that are much admired standing close to the road.

After leaving the wooded part of the glen a wide corrie is entered, which is overlooked by Cruach Mhor (1,982 feet) the highest point between Loch Fyne and Loch Awe, from the top of which may be obtained a distant view of the Hebrides, and of the open sea to the south of Mull.

The first view of Loch Awe comes very much as a surprise, complete in loveliness and grandeur, and exhibiting a remarkable combination of the beautiful and the sublime. The lake here is at its widest, with green-bowered isles slumbering on its bosom, the winding shores richly fringed with trees, while in the background the giant Ben Cruachan (3,650 feet) looks down as if keeping watch and ward over the scene. Descending a steep incline we come down to the lake, and drive along its shore until, at Cladich, the Dalmally road turns suddenly to the right, and then after a

short drive Dalmally is reached. Two miles further on, the river Orchy, on which Dalmally is situated, discharges its waters into Loch Awe, and at that point an excellent view is obtained of the loch, the ruins of Kilchurn Castle on the island, and Ben Cruachan.

Learning that Robertson was a farmer some short distance from Dalmally, I started to find him, and reaching a farm I thought was his, I saw a man in a rick-yard and called to him, "Are you Peter Robertson?"

"Yes," said he, in a hearty voice.

"Then," said I, "Sir Edwin Landseer asked me to call upon you."

The effect was magical; for a moment the man was beside himself.

"Go, go to the door," he shouted, "I will be there as soon as you."

And we met; and I, to this day, can recall the grip he gave me.

He appeared a hale, healthy man, and was over eighty, and looked as if there was "life in the old dog-yet." He died, though, only a short time after my visit.

On my return to London I called upon Mr.

Henry Graves, of Pall Mall, and told him of my visit to Peter Robertson, and he then related the following story of the picture "There's Life in the old Dog yet." It was painted by Landseer in 1838 for Mr. Henry McConnell, who in 1857 was asked to lend it to the Art Treasures Exhibition, then about to be held at Manchester. Mr. McConnell had a curious prejudice to railways, and would only consent to the application on the condition that the picture was taken from his house to Manchester by road.

This was done, and "There's Life in the old Dog yet" was one of the attractions of that celebrated exhibition. At its close the picture was started on its return journey, and while on its way, passing over a level-crossing, an approaching train dashed into the van, which it shattered to pieces, and from the appearance at the time, it was believed the picture had been completely destroyed, a conclusion strengthened by the discovery that a portion of its canvas had been caught by and wound around one of the wheels of the engine.

Fortunately, as it turned out, the damage,

though serious, was not as great as was supposed, and the skill of a restorer coming to the rescue, it was so well repaired that Mr. McConnell sold it to Mr. John Naylor, its present owner, for £1,575.

CHAPTER XXV.

Visit to the Lakes of Killarney, 1871: Arrival at Dublin—The Car-drivers—Hotel Touts at Killarney—First impression of the Lakes one of Disappointment, subsequently turned into Admiration—My Work on the 28th of October—The Boatmen and the Potheen Women—The Killarney Photographs exhibited—The Lie given me.

IN October, 1871, I visited Ireland for the first time. The season was very late for my purpose, but the autumn had been especially fine.

My first experience of those facetious gentlemen—the car-drivers—was at Dublin. Arriving at the hotel, I asked the driver what his fare was.

“Ah! then, your honour,” in a coaxing and confidential tone, “I have a wife and five children.” Failing to see his point, I left the porter to settle the matter.

The next morning I started for Killarney, an outside car taking me to the station. When that was reached, and the driver had brought in the luggage, there occurred a version of the story that has been told already in several other ways :

"What have I to pay you?" I asked. "Hist!" said he; "please don't let the mare see what you give me." It was an old joke, and no doubt is frequently brought into use.

On arriving at the Killarney Station the platform was in possession of a mob of touts.

I, of course, had several packages, each of which was carried off by a different captor to different parts of the platform. And when, by dint of the expenditure of much trouble and time, I succeeded in reclaiming them, the touters attacked me with all the power of their native blandishments.

"Lake Hotel, your honour?" said one.

"Ah! it's the Victoria Hotel ye're going to."

"What d'ye know?" said a third. "I tell you the gentleman's going to Ross's Hotel; sure, isn't the car here for him?"

The Lake Hotel tout was, though, by far the most persevering, until shut up by one of the others, who, in tones of disgust, said: "Why the Lake Hotel has been closed for a fortnight, and the blackguard knows it."

Expostulation was vain, the tumult only

ceasing when the porter of the Railway Hotel came and took charge of my luggage.

My first view of the Killarney Lakes was from the Lake Hotel, which is close by the shore of the Lower Lake. I confess to being much disappointed, the expectations I had conceived being far from realised.

From the Lake Hotel I went to Mr. Herbert, of Muckross House. Entering the lodge gates, the drive passes the grand old remains of Muckross Abbey; and then on through lovely grounds, with here and there glimpses of the lakes until Muckross is reached.

By no means could I shake off the disappointment of the morning, but I learnt afterwards to understand the cause for this.

The fact is, in my belief, if visitors desire when they first see them to form a highly favourable opinion of the lakes they should be approached not from Killarney, but from Glengariff. That is, the railway journey should be to Cork and Bantry, and then by coach to Glengariff and Killarney — a magnificent drive. If time should permit, at least a day or so should be spent at Glengariff, where there is an excellent hotel.

I was out early the morning after my arrival at Muckcross House, and went down to the lake where it adjoins the pleasure-grounds; saw the Colleen Bawn Rock, and in the distance the Tore Mountain and the Macgillicuddy's Reeks. After luncheon we drove to Dinis Island, Derricunnihy, on the Upper Lake, and the Queen's cottage. From there we went to the Constabulary Barracks on the hill, whence there is a splendid view of all the lakes.

So at last my disappointment vanished, and I made acquaintance with the Lakes of Killarney, and right well satisfied and pleased I was.

The following day was the 28th of the month (October). I am particular in mentioning this because of a *curious incident* that occurred subsequently. The morning, for the time of year, was beautiful, calm, with a clear soft light.

Driving to Dinis, I obtained several negatives, amongst them a view from the landing-place with drooping birch-trees overhead, the lake in the foreground, and the Mangerton Mountain in the distance; another of the lake and the Purple Mountain, and one of the old Weir Bridge.

Then we went to Derricunnihy, where several

other negatives were taken. What struck me so much was the beauty of the autumnal tints, especially that of the oaks. Indeed, they, the birch, and arbutus, seen in the bright sunlight, lent a charm to the scene that no time will efface from my memory.

From Derricunnihy we went to the hill by the barracks, and there was obtained a negative of the grand view already mentioned. This finished a day which, for a reason that will be stated, became memorable.

Naturally I was much struck with the natives, especially with the boatmen of the lakes, and the old women who sold potheen and goats' milk.

It was interesting and curious to watch and listen to the former as they told their stories while rowing on the lakes; their invention and imagination is so wonderful, and they seemed to know all the legends of Mrs. S. C. Hall's book by heart.

Then as to the potheen women: how perseveringly they follow one! Mr. Herbert, however, had warned me against them, and therefore I did my best to avoid them; but, for all this, they were not to be shaken off.

One Sunday—a lovely day—I had been for a long walk, and returning, had nearly reached Muckcross, when, from a sudden turn in the road, out shot two of the women, one of whom said—

“ Ah, then, sur, I’m sure that this blessed day you’ll take a drink of my goats’ milk.”

I answered “ No ! ” and walked on, but she followed, and then pressed me to have some potheen. At last I was compelled to say decisively, “ I do not want it ; I don’t want anything, I tell you.”

Upon which the other old crone screamed out, “ Come away, Biddy, wid you ; the gentleman who does not want anything isn’t fit to live at all, at all.”

On returning to London, my earliest occupation was to get proofs of the Killarney negatives, and well satisfied I was with the result. The time for holding the Exhibition of the Photographic Society of London was then approaching, so I had a series of my Irish negatives printed and sent there.

It will be remembered that previously I spoke of the 28th of October as, for the lateness

of the season, a specially beautiful day. I was induced, therefore, to have that date written on the photographs sent for exhibition.

Hanging by my exhibits were a number of very beautiful photographs of clouds, taken in the Isle of Sark by Colonel Stuart Wortley.

Interested in cloud photography, I was one morning studying Colonel Wortley's work. Close by were two gentlemen looking at the Killarney subjects, and so near were they that I could hear their conversation; and this is the curious incident that was just now spoken of.

One of the gentlemen, pointing to the date on the photographs, said to his companion, "I wonder why Vernon Heath has done that; I can't conceive his motive, but, at all events, it is absolutely untrue."

Then, in reply to his friend, he said: "Well, I am quite certain of this, that I was at the identical place represented by these photographs a fortnight before the date there named, and at that time there was not a leaf on the trees; whereas here the foliage is really as dense as it would be in summer. There must, therefore, be some object for that date being put

there; I, though, am most positive that it is a lie!"

Astounded, I asked the gentleman who had been so complimentary whether he was acquainted with Vernon Heath. Replying in the negative, he added, "I know his works very well, but have no personal knowledge of him." I then asked whether he supposed Vernon Heath was a likely man to perpetrate, for any purpose, such a falsehood.

"I know nothing about that," he answered; "all I do know is that I was at Killarney a fortnight prior to the date on these photographs, and that then there were no leaves on the trees; and this I adhere to!"

I then said, "I am Vernon Heath, and can produce—though most certainly, after your statement, I shall not condescend to do so—most overwhelming testimony to the fact that those photographs were taken on the day there stated."

I added further, "In future be satisfied that your statements are accurate, and be careful, also, when criticising, that the artist himself is not in the immediate neighbourhood."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Visit to Raby Castle, the Duke of Cleveland's: Raby full of Interest—
The Duke's Possessions—The House Party—Afternoon Teas—Mr.
Delane—Drawing Lots for Ladies—A "terrible Book"—"Dicky"
Doyle's and Lord Bennett's Contributions.

IN the autumn of 1875, while staying with Sir William Eden at Windlestone, co. Durham, I received an invitation from the Duchess of Cleveland for a week's visit to Raby Castle, which I gladly accepted.

Raby Castle was built by John Lord Nevile, who died in 1388, and has been greatly extended and added to by his successors. It is situated about six miles from Barnard Castle, and about a dozen from Darlington, and stands in a finely wooded park of 1,000 acres.

Lord Beaconsfield, who was always received at Raby as an honoured and welcome guest, described it as the only place in England—except Alnwick—which came fully up to his ideas of the country seat of "a great noble."

The princely possessions of the head of the house of Raby include the patronage of twenty-two livings and the ownership of 98,864 acres, scattered over seven English counties.

In Durham, for instance, the duke owns 55,887 acres, with a gross estimated rental of £29,219 ; in Shropshire, 26,604 acres, rental £32,608 ; in Sussex (Battle Abbey), 6,025 acres, rental £6,491 ; in Somersetshire, 4,784 acres, rental £8,062 ; in Northamptonshire, 3,482 acres, rental £5,190 ; in Cornwall, 1,997 acres, rental £3,958 ; in Devonshire, 1,085 acres, rental £1,684 ; besides the Bathwick property in the city of Bath, from which he draws a large rental.

The present duke succeeded in 1864.* In 1854, being then Lord Harry Vane, M.P., he married Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina, daughter of the fourth Earl Stanhope, and widow of Lord Dalmeny, the father, by her, of the Earl of Rosebery.

His Grace is a highly educated man, with an

* The manuscript of this book was completed early in June of last year, and, therefore, several weeks before the death of the Duke.

excellent taste, both in art and literature; an admirable talker and *raconteur*. All his pursuits are of a refined character, and he is an agreeable man, with the fine manners of the old school.

His accomplished wife, whose literary tastes are akin to those of the late Earl Stanhope, her brother, is admirably able to appreciate, to the fullest extent, the Duke's character.

The house party at Raby for the week of my stay was a numerous one, and, fortunately, comprised several whom I had met before, amongst them Lord and Lady Drogheda, Earl Stanhope, Lord and Lady Cardwell, Mr. Percy Mitford, Mr. "Dicky" Doyle (once a distinguished contributor to *Punch*), and Mr. John Delane of the *Times*, whom I had known many years.

This was not long before Mr. Delane's death, and it was said that his intellectual powers were then on the wane. He seemed, however, to be as powerful in conversation as at any time I had known him, and talked in that incisive and convincing manner for which he was so remarkable.

I had met Mr. Delane frequently at country houses, and also at his Ascot house, where, at

times I saw another *Times* celebrity, a very old friend of mine—Mowbray Morris.

It was an intellectual feast to listen to such masters of the art of conversation as Delane and Mowbray Morris.

I might here mention that after John Leech's death, Mr. Morris bought, at Christie's, several of his original *Punch* drawings. It may not be generally known that Leech was unable to draw in *reverse*, the consequence being that an artist had to be employed to reverse his drawings on wood for the engraver, and thus the originals were preserved.

It was fortunate that this was so, because at Leech's death these drawings became a valuable property to his family.

It was at half-past five I arrived at Raby, and, by firelight, afternoon tea was being taken. At those teas the conversation was always most brilliant and interesting. The Duke, full of experiences, diplomatic and political; Earl Stanhope, so charming and refined; Mr. Delane with a fund of information of all kinds; Lord Cardwell, an excellent talker; and Mr. Percy Mitford, one of the best *raconteurs* ever met with.

Raby is full of interest, its rooms being stored with everything that can give grandeur and effect to so noble a pile—pictures, cabinets, marbles, feast the eye everywhere. In the hall already spoken of is Turner's picture of "Raby Castle." In one of the rooms it was gratifying to renew acquaintance with Power's beautiful and classical "Greek Slave," the great attraction of the Exhibition of 1851.

The dining-room contains a large number of racing cups and plates won by the horses of the former Duke—well known on the turf as Lord William Powlett.

During the week the Duchess receives guests. A very fine hall—I believe, named the Barons' Hall—lighted by innumerable gas stars, is utilised at night.

It is here that after dinner the hostess suggests amusements and entertainments, which are heartily appreciated and enjoyed by her friends.

Of course, in the shooting and hunting season, as a rule, at all country houses the gentlemen outnumber the ladies; so, to make things pleasant, the Duchess adopted the following method.

It is understood that the two gentlemen of

the highest rank take into dinner the two ladies whose right of precedence is superior to that of the others. Now suppose eighteen guests are left, six only of them being ladies, the hostess prepares twelve slips of paper, upon six of which she writes the names of the ladies, and after being folded the slips are brought round on a salver; the twelve gentlemen each take a slip, and those who draw blanks go in to dinner by themselves, while he who has drawn a lady presents his slip to her, and takes her in to dinner. It is in this way her Grace's guests are seated at her table.

Every day, the weather permitting, I was in the park and around the castle with my camera, and had the good fortune to obtain several negatives which were afterwards enlarged.

I arrived on a Monday afternoon, and my visit terminated on the Saturday. On the day previous Mr. Doyle asked me whether I had seen or heard of the Duchess's "terrible" book. It appeared that at Raby, as in many country houses, a book is kept for visitors to contribute some impression of their stay. Mr. Doyle explained that after dinner this "terrible" book would be placed in the hall, and each guest who

was about to leave was expected to write his name and address and fill in answers to queries under certain headings.

It was a curious and interesting book, with many quaint and amusing entries in it. It is believed that it was Lord Bennet who inscribed the following farewell lines :—

“ A pity at Raby
There isn't a baby.”

Mr. Doyle's contribution was a most charming pen-and-ink sketch. There is a lake in front of the south side of the castle; and, with the castle for a background, he had drawn the Duchess on the bank fishing. There was the float on the water, while below it were the line and bait, around which swam numerous fishes, the head of a very large one being that of Doyle himself, who evidently is on the point of taking the Duchess's bait—that is, of accepting her invitation to the castle.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Visit to the Isle of Skye, 1876 and 1877 : Various Routes—The Scenery between Dingwall and Portree—Sligachan to Loch Coruisk described—Journey to Dunvegan Castle—The Landlord at the Hotel at Portree does not open Telegrams—A Drive, and its curious Incidents—Dunvegan Castle—The House-Party—A photographic Group to be taken—Liberal Decision of the Bishop—A Week at Sligachan—Negatives taken there in 1877.

IN August, 1876, I was invited by MacLeod of MacLeod to his interesting old place, Dunvegan Castle. Mr. Reginald MacLeod, his second son, had well posted me up with the information necessary for the journey, particularly pressing upon me the importance of, on my leaving London, telegraphing to Ross, the landlord of the Royal Hotel at Portree, for a carriage and horses to meet me there on the arrival of the steamer from Strome Ferry.

In going to and returning from Skye, two railway routes are used which undoubtedly are the most beautiful in Scotland. Probably, of the two, that between Dingwall and Strome Ferry is

entitled to the palm; the second line being that between Oban and Callander.

The Strome Ferry route is *viâ* Inverness, Beauly, and Dingwall. The scenery is exquisite. During the journey it is necessary to watch both sides of the road, and to do this constantly and sharply, in order that some striking hill or scene should not be passed unobserved. As the train proceeds after leaving Strathpeffer, the picturesqueness of the scenery increases. After emerging from the ravine of the Ravens Rock, mountains come in sight on the right; below, on the left, is the Blackwater, a stream which flows from Loch Garve. No portion of the route is more beautiful than that by this loch.

Then the line skirts the margin of Loch Luichart, a beautiful lake formed by the River Conon, the outflow being discharged over a series of cascades, known as the Falls of Conon. This loch, and many thousands of acres adjoining, are the property of Louisa Lady Ashburton, whose demesne is a lovely sylvan district, and as perfect in its way as anything on the whole route.

After passing the River Luichart the railway

goes close to the Falls of Grudie, and then proceeding west, the three peaks of Scur-na-Vuillin (2,600 feet) are seen on the south, and those of Fionn Bhein (3,060) and the clustered Alps of Loch Fannich on the north.

The country now opens up into the long upland valley of Strathbran. After passing Auchnasheen, the railway crosses the River Sheen, and then winds along the south side of the Led Gown river and the small loch of the same name. Again the route becomes mountainous, and the Allt Gharagain, a considerable stream, is crossed. Here, 32 miles from Dingwall, the summit level of the line is attained, viz., 634 feet above the starting point at the terminus. Passing along the south side of Loch Scaven, the line descends by the side of the infant Carron. The mountains rise close upon the right of the railway, while the stream flows through a deep dell on the left. The line then for some time keeps alongside the public road, passing close by a waterfall and the old Inn of Craig. Here the valley expands into meadow-land, through which the stream is seen meandering, and the hills of Skye come into view.

A few miles farther on is the shooting

lodge of Achnashellach (Lord Wimborne's), at the entrance of Glen Corry-Lair, overlooking Loch Dughall. After crossing the Carron and passing Strathcarron (46 miles from Dingwall) there is a fine view of the lovely (sea) Loch Carron, which appears landlocked by the distant peaks of the Skye hills.

We then cross the Udale—a fine stream issuing from the glen of that name—and, winding along the southern shore of Loch Carron, the way being raised only a few feet above the level of high water, the train at last enters the western terminus of the Strome Ferry Station.

Portree, in Skye, is reached by steamer from Strome Ferry, 30 miles, the whole way being most lovely. The route is by the prettily situated fishing village of Plockton; then Duncraig is passed, the charmingly situated residence of Sir A. Matheson, and so along the south shore of Loch Carron near its mouth, and thence across between the Islands of Scalpay and Raasay, the mouth of Loch Sligachan being passed on the left. It was at Raasay where Johnson and Boswell spent several days.

During the whole passage from Strome Ferry

to Portree, on all sides the most striking views are seen—range after range of hills in all directions ; while, mile by mile, we approach the hills (Alpine in character) of Skye.

On arriving at Portree the tourist, should he have but a limited time to devote to the scenery of Skye, is advised to take a conveyance and drive to the Sligachan Hotel, $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The advantage is this—the hotel is in the very midst of the Cuchullin hills, for opposite to it rises Glamaig, to the south is Mascow, while on the west is the whole range of hills, of which Sgurr-na-Gilleann is the monarch.

It will be convenient here (though my own route from Portree lies in a contrary direction, for I am going to Dunvegan Castle), as I have advised the traveller to go to Sligachan, to give an account and describe the scenery of the Sligachan district.

Any one accustomed to rough mountain walking would make light of the way to Coruisk through Glen Sligachan, nine miles. After passing on the right Hart-a-Corry and Loch-na-Nain, Blaven (3,020 feet) is on the left; and then, climbing the hill, continue on until Coruisk comes

in sight. To descend to the margin of the lake is by no means difficult. From there the scene is most desolate and wild in character, the sides of the hills being composed of sloping rocks, and gigantic stones rising ridge above ridge. The loftier portions are extremely jagged and precipitous, shooting here and there into spires and pinnacles. Hundreds of silvery streaks of water course downwards, giving a partial cheerfulness to the prevailing scene of sterile grandeur. A walk of a mile by an indistinct path over rough and broken ground, and the shore of Loch Scavaig is reached, bounded by the romantic forms of the Cuchullin Hills. The bold rocky coast is broken up by the action of the sea into ravines and caverns.

Loch Scavaig is divided into two basins, around a portion of one of which rise high basaltic cliffs, over which a cataract pours its sounding waters. On the opposite side the rocks become lower, and there form a sort of semicircle upon the entrance, affording a complete protection from the sea.

But the scene has been exquisitely described, and with marvellous accuracy, by the great

Wizard of the North. In "The Lord of the Isles" are the following lines:—

"They strove the livelong day and night,
Nor, till the dawning, had a sight

Of Skye's romantic shore,
Where Coolin stoops him to the west,
They saw upon his shivered crest

The sun's arising gleam ;
But such the labour and delay,
Ere they were moored in Scavigh Bay
(For calmer heaven compell'd to stay),

He shot a western beam.

* * * *

Where a wild stream, with headlong shock,
Came brawling down its bed of rock,

To mingle with the main,
A while their route they silent made,
As men who stalk for mountain deer,
Till the good Bruce to Ronald said,

' St. Mary ! what a scene is here !
I've traversed many a mountain strand,
Abroad and in my native land ; . . .
Thus many a waste I've wandered o'er,
Clomb many a crag, cross'd many a moor,

But, by my halidome,
A scene so rude, so wild as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,
Where'er I happ'd to roam.'

No marvel thus the Monarch spake ;
For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake. . . .
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Through the rude bosom of the hill,
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine, and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen but this can show
Some touch of Nature's genial glow ; . . .
But here—above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.' ”

“ LORD OF THE ISLES,” *Canto* III., 12, 13, 14.

On returning to Sligachan after descending the hill, Hart-a-Corry is now on the left, and is well worth the tourist's visit. A most interesting walk is that from the hotel to Corry-na-Crieach, among the mountains to the west. Another walk well worth taking is by the road that skirts the shore of Loch Sligachan to Sconcer, where there is a picturesque group of Crofters' cottages.

With this description of the scenery of the Sligachan district I must now return to my own

affairs, and see how I am to journey from Portree to Dunvegan Castle—twenty-three miles distant. I had, as advised, telegraphed to the Royal Hotel for a carriage and horses, but as the steamer approached the landing-stage I saw nothing of them. The hotel being close by, I left the luggage in charge of a porter, and went to look-up Ross. Approaching the house, I saw a stout, short man leaning against the door-post, smoking; he had such a cool, deliberate, defiant manner, that I came to the conclusion that he was Ross, and so addressed him.

I told him two telegrams had been sent. His answer was a surprise to me: "We just never open telegrams," he said; and, leading the way into his room, he pointed to scores of the well-known orange-coloured envelopes lying on a table, unopened, two of which were from me.

"Well," I said, "how long will it take to get me a carriage and horses?" For it was then eight o'clock, and there were twenty-three miles to drive.

He answered, "You cannot have horses until to-morrow morning, and even then I cannot undertake you will have them; there are so many people travelling to and fro just now."

"Then," I replied, "that being so, I must sleep here."

"Indeed you won't," said the landlord of direct speech; "nor is there a bed to be had in the town."

"Well," I said, "though you have neither horses nor beds, I know full well what you have got—good whiskey." In a moment his face lighted up, and, with the words, "The very best old Talisker in the island," he went to get it.

It really was good; and, quietly suggesting that such whiskey would go well with his pipe, I invited him to join me; and from that moment he became an entirely different man—genial and communicative.

I spoke of Dunvegan Castle and MacLeod—who, by the way, was his landlord—and said I felt sure that as they were expecting me, they would sit up; but again assuring me that no "machine" could be had that night, he volunteered to go out and try to get a bed.

After some little time he returned, having obtained a "machine," and though it was then nine o'clock, I was but too pleased to get on my way. Driven by a taciturn lad of eighteen, we

travelled slowly—very slowly—and I commenced calculating the possible time I should reach Dunvegan. Not more than three or four miles from Portree the horse's pace was reduced nearly to a walk. "Surely," I said, "your horse goes as if he was tired."

"That's just it," he replied, "and so am I. We have been out all day, as well as last night."

Before I started from Portree, Ross told me that at a place halfway on the road the horse would be given some gruel, but I was not to allow the driver to enter the house. It was half-past eleven when we reached this place; and the poor lad looked so worn and fatigued I could not resist sending him inside for a short rest, and told him to have some whiskey and a smoke.

In twenty minutes or so, looking into the room, I found he was fast asleep, but got him to pull himself together, and we made a fresh start. He whistled as he drove, though we had not gone far when I noticed his whistling became low and faint, and then ceased. Looking round, I discovered he was sound asleep! I awoke him,

when he said he would get out and walk by the horse for a mile or so.

This he did, and then getting back into the "machine" again, he declared he was all right. But in a short time his whistling recommenced, to end as it did before.

The position was becoming serious, and I had to think it out. I was on a road I had never traversed before; the night was very dark; the parapets of the many bridges that crossed burns and watercourses were almost level with the road; and my driver was thoroughly done and used up. It was, too, long past midnight.

So I came to the conclusion that the wisest course for me to take was to stand by the horse until the gleams of the next morning light came to my assistance. I commenced my vigil, but in half an hour or so the lad woke up, and jumping out, declared he would walk the remaining distance. I joined him, and after three o'clock we reached Dunvegan.

At such an hour I did not for one moment suppose that any one was expecting me, and, therefore, I resolved to ring the bell once, and in the event of no one answering, go with the

driver to the village. I rang ; my summons was unnoticed, so, leaving my apparatus in the porch, I went to the little inn where the poor tired horse was to be stabled.

The next morning I reached the castle just at breakfast-time, my arrival being previously known by the discovery of my apparatus in the porch. I had a gracious and hearty reception, and all laughed at and were interested in my night's experiences.

Dunvegan Castle is situated near the head of Loch Follart. The most ancient portion is said to have been built in the ninth century ; another portion—a lofty tower—was added a few hundred years afterwards. The tower and more lengthened edifice which conjoins these two was the work of Rory Mor, who was knighted in the reign of James VI. Various additions have been made in later ages, and the whole is now a large massive building, the general pile being imposing from its size and situation.

The peninsular district of Duirinish, to the west of Dunvegan, contains some striking natural features, including the so-called “ MacLeod’s Tables and Maidens.”

MacLeod's Tables are two circular-looking mounds, upwards of 1,260 feet high, and commanding a magnificent view of sea and land.

MacLeod's Maidens are two picturesque pyramids rising sheer out of the sea at the southern extremity of the peninsula, and looking not unlike figures of the women of the period.

"I would old Torquil were to show
His Maidens with their breasts of snow,
Or that my noble Liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!
The Maids, tall cliffs with breasts of white,
The Nurse, a torrent's roaring might."

"LORD OF THE ISLES," *Canto III.*, 16.

Three nights after my arrival, MacLeod expected an addition to the number of his guests in the person of Sir Stafford Northcote—the late Lord Iddesleigh—and his daughter. Their experiences of the journey from Portree were worse than my own. They were driven by the same lad, who, when nearing Dunvegan, missed his way and got to the very edge of the cliff above the loch. This was most serious, for had he not discovered their position, the whole party, horse, machine, and all, would have gone over the cliff.

This we ascertained the next morning by tracing the marks of the wheels on the turf.

The following comprised the house-party: MacLeod of MacLeod, his sister, and his two sons, Captain Norman and Reginald, the latter being engaged to Miss Northcote; Lord Aberdare, Miss Bruce and Mr. W. Bruce, Lord Eliot; Sir Stafford Northcote and his daughter; the Sheriff of Argyllshire; Sir Henry Halford, of shooting fame at the Wimbledon meetings; General McMurdo, one of the Wimbledon Executive, and his daughter; and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Northcote, the latter a charming Canadian.

Dunvegan is just one of those pleasant places where every guest is allowed to do as he pleases—the acme of hospitality. Grouse-shooting and fishing were the daily occupation of the men, my days being given up to my camera.

Being always anxious to leave with my hosts a photographic group of their house-party, it was arranged that, as I was leaving Dunvegan Castle on Monday morning for Sligachan, and time pressed, Sunday should be fixed for this purpose.

In the meantime a difficulty arose. The Bishop

of Argyll and the Isles (Dr. Mackarness), who was making his usual diocesan tour, had arrived. During the evening he announced his desire to hold an eight o'clock service in the drawing-room on the following Sunday morning. This having been done, we left the room, the Bishop alone remaining.

I remarked to MacLeod that of course there was an end to the "group" idea. "I am not so sure," answered MacLeod; "let us wait for the Bishop, who is a very liberal-minded man."

The circumstances having been explained, my host said, "Of course, if your lordship expresses the slightest objection, it shall not be done."

"So far from objecting," said the Bishop, "if this can be arranged before 10.30, perhaps you will allow me to form one of the group."

A successful negative was the result, and a buzz of approval was heard on all sides. Lord Aberdare, always fond of a joke, remarked to Sir Stafford Northcote (then Chancellor of the Exchequer)—"Why, Chancellor, your portrait is simply perfect, and therefore the best you can do for Mr. Heath is to exempt him for ever from paying income-tax."

That particular Sunday was one of the most agreeable days of my visit; and when, the next morning, I started on my journey with the compliments and kind expressions of all those who had come to see me off ringing in my ears, I felt more than a tinge of sorrow and sadness in having to part from so many new-made friends.

On leaving the castle, I drove to Sligachan, intending to stay there several days. I was told that the route was through beautiful scenery, but the weather being unfavourable, and the country hidden by mist, I saw nothing. I determined, therefore, to take advantage of the first fine day and go over the ground again.

I found, on reaching the inn at Sligachan, that the majority of the guests were artists; it was there that I made the acquaintance of David Law, whose marvellous etchings are now known all over the world.

The paths are all so rugged between the inn at Sligachan and the district between there and Coruisk that I was unable to take my apparatus far, and therefore for that year I had to be content with obtaining such negatives as could be

taken near to the inn. Of these, however, there were sufficient to show my friends what could be done when I was more appropriately equipped. .

On a lovely morning I started from the inn to explore the road, or a large part of it, between Sligachan and Dunvegan, and found that all that had been told me was far exceeded by what I saw.

After leaving Sligachan, for the first three miles there are grand views of the Coolin range. In passing down Glen Drynock to near the head of Loch Harport, Loch Bracadale is seen opening out to the sea ; to the north-west, and in the distance, is the Talisker Distillery.

About seven miles from Sligachan the highest point of the road is gained, 1,500 feet above the level of the sea ; and here is obtained one of the most extensive views of the whole Coolin range. In driving onwards, glimpses are got of the sea, the famous MacLeod's Maidens, and the Outer Hebrides.

Struan Inn is then reached—a quiet, comfortable little house, charmingly situated near Bracadale, fourteen miles from Sligachan. Boats can

be had for Talisker Head, where the rocks rise 1,000 feet sheer out of the water. From Struan to Dunvegan—eleven miles—there are good views of Talisker Head and MacLeod's Tables.

After staying a week at Sligachan, I went from Portree to Oban, and thence to Inverary.

In August of 1877 I returned to Sligachan, provided with a pack-saddle which had been purposely made for my apparatus.

The weather was favourable, and with a sure-footed pony I could, with care, go anywhere, even to ascending a mountain.

In this way many valuable negatives were obtained. In Glen Sligachan I took several subjects—one being a striking view of the south shoulder of Sgurr-na-Gilleán, with the entrance to Hart-a-Corry in the distance; then several negatives were obtained in Hart-a-Corry. Two fine ones were also secured of Ben Blaven, with Loch-na-Nairn in the foreground; and many others were taken of Sgurr-na-Gilleán and the Cuchullin range. Then I went to Sconcer, passing around the north side of Glamaig, and secured three negatives of the Crofters' huts.

In fact, favoured by the weather, I worked almost daily, and in a fortnight completed that which I had set myself to do ; no enlargements ever made from my landscape negatives gave greater satisfaction than did those of the hills and glens of Skye.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Mr. Ruskin : a characteristic Letter—Holland House, Kensington ;
Historical and interesting Facts relating to Holland House ;
Possibility of its falling into the Hands of the Builder ; A Cab-
horse's Holiday.

IN April, 1882, I was preparing for an exhibition of the landscape photographs I had taken during the previous summer and autumn. Although having no acquaintance with Mr. Ruskin, I wrote to him, stating that it would be gratifying if he would call and inspect this collection. In answer the following characteristic letter was received—

“ 13th April, 1882.

“DEAR MR. VERNON HEATH,—I have seldom received a letter with greater pleasure than yours gave me this morning. If you could know how often I have paused, in my greatest hurries, at

that recessed window in Piccadilly, and how often I have retired from it in states of humiliation and wretchedness of mind, and accused first the sun, and then you, and then the nature of things, of making all one's past labours vain, and all one's present efforts hopeless, you would understand the interest I shall have in really seeing you, and talking over all the unconscious mischief you have done me, if, indeed, I may come some day next week and see these photographs of which you speak.

"I am just recovering from a sharp attack of illness, which has scarcely yet let me out of the house; but I do not doubt being able to come the first fine morning next week, on the chance of finding you in: in the meantime am always very heartily,

"Faithfully yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

Mr. Ruskin came to Piccadilly on one of the days his letter suggested, and I had the gratification to become acquainted with a man whose works I had always so greatly admired.

In May, 1882, being commissioned by Lady

Holland to take a series of views of Holland House, a few days prior to going there with the camera I devoted, as is my habit, a day to the study of the house and its grounds.

I know well Burleigh, Hatfield, and Audley End, all built, more or less, about the same time as Holland House. The latter, though, struck me as possessing distinctive picturesque effects; its south front, from an artist's point of view, composing most admirably.

During my inspection and search for suitable subjects, I learnt many facts that are both historical and interesting; and as at the present time there exists a very general opinion that the grand old house and park will fall into the builders' hands, it may not be out of place to mention some of these facts here.

Holland House was built in 1607 by Sir Walter Cope, whose son-in-law was the Earl of Holland—hence its name. Subsequently it had several tenants, and at last became important by the marriage of Joseph Addison, of the *Spectator*, to the Dowager Countess of Warwick. Afterwards it became the property of the Foxes, and it was the heir of Stephen Fox who obtained a revival

of the title of Lord Holland: his son was the celebrated Charles James Fox, whose grandson was Henry, Lord Holland. It was during his time that Holland House became not only the centre of literary London and the country, but the place where, for upwards of forty years, the great leaders of the Whig party—then in the height of its power—congregated.

The Lady Holland of that time was a wonderful woman. She was, heart and soul, a Whig, and exercised great influence with the party; but she was by nature excessively overbearing, and at times, it is alleged, was even insolent.

Lord Holland died in 1840, her ladyship a few years afterwards, and in 1859 the property came into the possession of another branch of the family.

It would be sad indeed if a house so full of historic memories should be sacrificed; a house whose interior teems with relics and records of the past.

Can nothing be done? nothing undertaken to avert such a dire catastrophe? Is there no one rich enough and interested sufficiently in so noble and so ancient a mansion, with its beautiful park

and grand forest trees, to become its purchaser? Will no one come forward and rescue from the builders a house dating from 1607, and one, too, of the very best of its period?

That this appeal can do but little good I am but too well aware, but no harm can be done by what I have written, and it is only in such a way the possible destruction of one of the country's most valuable and most interesting monuments can be opposed.

When a day came that was suitable for my photographic work—and a highly favourable one did come—I chartered a four-wheel cab and drove to Kensington, entering the park by the gate just below the terrace-wall.

There was a particular object for taking the four-wheeler, for I saw from my previous examination that to accomplish what I required, a platform was needed over six feet high, and for this the cab was used. Eight stout wedges were brought with me, these being applied to the cab's springs in order to prevent their action.

The horse was taken out, and the driver, evidently a kind-hearted man, asked whether his

horse might roam in the luxurious grass, and, upon my assenting, the horse was turned loose.

It was too funny to witness what then took place. The cabman, quite unprepared for what the horse would do, had not removed the harness, and he, appreciating his liberty and the abundance of grass in the park, sped away at a gallop, stopping not until he had nearly reached the lower end of the park; and then, to the horror of the cabman, he lay down and indulged in a roll, turning from side to side, over and over again, evidently with great enjoyment.

What the driver feared was that the harness would be entirely destroyed; though, as it turned out, it was quite uninjured. When at last the horse got up, he commenced feeding, and as it was half-past eleven when we arrived and five o'clock when we left, he had a feast which lasted five hours and a half, the result being that it was with the utmost difficulty he was put into the shafts. This, however, was managed, but we had then to discover that little more than a walk was the utmost pace that could be got out of him.

The day had been altogether so lovely that

my work was everything that could be desired, especially the negative taken from the top of the cab, which embraced not only the whole of the south front, but the terrace and the terrace-wall in the foreground.

It may be added that this negative, due to the conditions under which it was obtained, was so perfect that it was used for an enlargement whose base-line was *fifty-three inches*—one of the largest and most successful autotypes that have yet been produced.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Queen's Jubilee Garden Party: A fine day, and a brilliant Assembly—The private Grounds of the Palace striking and beautiful—An extraordinary and unusual Visitor—The March Past of the Volunteers—The Mob Storm my Platform.

THE night before the Jubilee Garden Party, I received a telegram from Lord Bradford requesting me to be prepared to take groups of Her Majesty's guests at Buckingham Palace whenever opportunity offered.

The day was admirable for the purpose, with scarcely any wind, the brilliancy of the sun being occasionally softened by light clouds. An immense number of invitations had been issued; so many, indeed, that the list of names, in close, small print, occupied nearly seven columns of the *Times* newspaper.

Her Majesty received the Royal guests and members of the Royal Family at the garden entrance, and afterwards proceeded with them to

the lawn, where the other guests were assembled; the beautiful grounds of the palace presenting a most gay and animated scene.

Besides my own, I had three other cameras in charge of assistants present; the line I intended adopting being to attempt no set groups, but to wait for any accidental artistic arrangement of the people, and, so far as could be, take the negatives without their knowledge. This plan turned out successful.

Those who do not know the charm of the palace grounds have little notion of their size and importance. They are larger than the enclosure in St. James's Park, while the lake of the latter is smaller than that of the palace.

On one occasion, when taking negatives in these gardens for a special purpose, a remarkable incident happened. In course of conversation, the head gardener said that four years previously he was surprised to observe a kingfisher skimming along the bank of the lake.

A few minutes afterwards, whilst in the act of taking a negative at a spot close by, we were joined by a sergeant and constable of the police. Suddenly the sergeant said, in excited tones,

"Look ! look ! there is a kingfisher !" and we saw the bird dart up and down the opposite bank of the lake three times in succession.

A few days after the garden party (July 2nd), the Volunteers marched past the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and I was commissioned to obtain photographic records of the ceremony. So far as I was concerned, this resulted in an absolute fiasco.

My station being opposite the palace, and within the iron railings of the enclosure, I was protected from the molestation of the mob. Every facility was also given me by the Ranger (the Duke of Cambridge), the Horse Guards, and the police.

Within the angle of the railings, and exactly facing the Queen's pavilion, a stand had been erected, the platform of which was higher than the heads of the troops, who would march past between the Queen and my camera ; and as the public were not to be admitted to the enclosure, everything appeared as promising as could be wished.

But just before the review commenced, an alteration, due to the vast crowds in the Park, was

made in the arrangements, and the enclosure was thrown open. In flocked the people, and my stand being so favourably placed, it was surrounded in a few minutes by a densely packed mob, who clambered on to or clung to its supports.

Soon, then, this crowd commenced swaying to and fro to such a degree that my stand rocked, and every minute I thought that it, my camera, and myself would all be pushed over.

Necessarily all chance of my succeeding was at an end, for there was not a single moment that the platform was steady, and this being realised, my cameras were removed, and I descended.

With a cheer the mob stormed the platform, and in a few seconds not a square inch of it was vacant.

Such a result was a great disappointment, both to those who had employed me and to myself, especially in view of the great care and trouble that had been devoted to carrying out the arrangements which were needed to insure success.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Royal Holloway College : Description—A splendid Gallery of modern Pictures—The Situation of the College—Its Objects.

IN May, 1886, I was introduced to Mr. W. H. Crossland, an architect who is entitled to the honour of having designed and built the most splendid palace in this country, for that rank the Royal Holloway College is justified in taking.

On the 30th of the following June Her Majesty had consented to open the college, and upon that occasion the architect proposed to present the Queen with an album containing photographs of the building and grounds.

It was for this reason that, at the request of Mr. Crossland, day after day I was at work at Mount Lee.

The college is a most imposing pile, which the philanthropy of the late Thomas Holloway dedicated to the promotion of female education.

It is built of red brick with Portland stone dressings, in the style of the French Renaissance, and in character resembles the châteaux in Touraine in the reign of Francis I.

It forms an extensive double quadrangle, and is unsurpassed by any existing college, and possibly by any building (with the exception of Windsor Castle and one or two other notable places) in this country as regards the area it occupies. It contains 1,000 rooms, besides a magnificently designed chapel, and a picture gallery which extends throughout the entire of its north side.

The chapel, which is wholly in the style of the French Renaissance, is most elaborate in character and ornate in decoration, and "nothing is wanting to diffuse an air of solemnity throughout the sacred edifice, or to render it impressive."

The picture gallery is a lofty and spacious apartment, most perfectly lighted, and hung with pictures which have been collected by Sir George Martin Holloway at a cost of £90,000.

It is curious and interesting—indeed, almost marvellous—to note in how short a time so many

chefs d'œuvre were obtained. Consider how great is the importance that such striking pictures as the following give to a collection :—

“ The Princes in the Tower.”—Millais.

“ Princess Elizabeth in Prison at St. James's.”—
Millais.

“ Man Proposes, God Disposes.”—Landseer.

“ The Railway Station.”—Frith.

“ Babylonian Marriage Market.”—Long.

“ The Suppliants.”—Long.

“ Applicants for Admission to a Casual Ward.”
—Luke Fildes; and works by Turner, Constable, and Ansdell.

As to the situation of the college, it would be hardly possible to select a site more worthy in every respect of so grand and imposing a structure. From the windows of the south and east fronts the prospect is one of extreme beauty, and thoroughly English in character.

“ Stretching away as far as the eye can reach is a broad expanse of gently undulating and thickly wooded country, the natural loveliness of which remains as yet uninjured.”

The grounds are 95 acres in extent, and

contain many trees of exceptional growth and grandeur.

Then, too, there are charming shrubberies, plantations, and walks, most lovely in the early summer with the many colours of the azalea and rhododendron, for which the whole district is so celebrated.

Indeed, altogether I found it a place thoroughly after my own heart, affording, as it did, at nearly every step or turn, the most perfect artistic subjects and views. Favoured, too, with the finest weather, I cannot recall any place which so completely pleased and satisfied me; and for architectual studies, I never enjoyed such an experience.

The task Mr. Crossland entrusted to me was entirely finished, and the album of photographs in his hands, two days before the opening ceremony. The day turned out exceptionally fine, and the occasion will live long in the memories of those who had the privilege to be present.

After the departure of the Queen, hundreds of visitors roamed over the college buildings and grounds with astonishment and delight.

Here it may be added that to the wife of the

founder is due the inception of an idea that has been carried out in a manner which can only be described as princely—an idea from which was developed a scheme most perfect in itself for affording to women of the middle and upper middle classes the means of obtaining the best and most suitable education.

With this object ever in view, every effort was put forth to make the college in all respects worthy of the purpose to which it was to be devoted. The entire building testifies to a lavish expenditure of money, time, and labour; and if there is a fault anywhere, it is in its luxuriousness, for everything that thoughtfulness and foresight could do to render the apartments of the students—provision being made for two hundred and fifty—comfortable and delightful, has been done.

In short, nothing has been left undone that could add to the perfection and magnificence of the Royal Holloway College, the outlay upon which, exclusive of the endowment, exceeds £600,000.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Visit to the Isle of Arran: Two Routes—Strikingly like Skye—Help at the Douglas Hotel—Glen Rosa and Glen Sannox—The Drive to Corrie—A splendid Walk.

IN the August of 1887 I went for the first time to the Isle of Arran.

Mr. C. E. Johnson, the well-known landscape painter, whom I had previously met in Scotland, told me that I should be as much struck with Arran as I had been with Skye; indeed, he said the hills in both islands were singularly alike in their Alpine characteristics, and that the glens in Arran were like those of Sligachan and Brittle in Skye. It was difficult for me to realise this, for the reason that I believed the Cuchullin Hills of Skye were unique. I found, though, that in all Mr. Johnson had said, he was quite correct.

Arran, too, possesses one advantage over

Skye, in the ease and short time within which it can be reached. For instance, leaving Euston for Arran at 8.50 p.m., going viâ Ardrossan, one can reach the Douglas Hotel, Broderick, in sixteen hours; whereas, travelling to Skye (supposing the journey is broken at Inverness, as it usually is), it will occupy fifty hours.

But when time can be afforded, by far the most desirable route is to go to Greenock, instead of Ardrossan, and take one of the splendid steamers to Rothesay, going then through the Kyles of Bute. No more charming journey can be conceived, and nothing can surpass that which is seen on that marvellous route. The Kyles are a sound or strait, whose narrow winding channel is at every short distance developing new beauties and attractions.

From its commencement, until the steamer emerges into the open near Kintyre, nothing can be more picturesque and pleasing. The one drawback is the dense black smoke that, from time to time, is given off by the funnels. How much this is to be deplored! for constantly, just as a lovely bit of scenery comes in view, it is lost to sight by the deep, dark pall of smoke. As a

case in point, on one occasion I had promised myself to look for a view in Loch Ridden, which previously I had seen on a wet day, and just as the steamer reached the spot where I expected this view to open up, out came the smoke, and everything was hidden behind its black curtain.

Passing Kintyre, a good view of Arran is obtained, and as the island is approached it is curious to note how strikingly like in formation the hills are to those of Skye. Mostly, they are composed of granite, rising into pinnacles and spires of grotesque form, or extending downwards in smooth blocks of naked rock. Towards their summit they are either destitute of vegetation or invested with a slight covering of Alpine plants and mosses.

After touching at Corrie, the pier at Broderick comes in sight. It was fortunate for me that I went to the Douglas Hotel at Broderick, not only because it is a most comfortable and well-conducted house, but also for the following reason.

I noticed in the rooms some very well executed views of the scenery of the two well-known glens—Rosa and Sannox—and on

inquiring the name of the artist, I found they had been done by the son of the landlord. It took me but little time to find him out, and to discover further that my lines had indeed fallen upon pleasant places.

Proceeding to his workrooms, which were well fitted up, I at once recognised that he and they would be of considerable assistance and value to me.

The hotel faces the grand, yet elegant, Goat-fell, the highest hill of the Arran range—2,800 feet—an attractive and interesting feature in the scenery of the district.

The Duke of Hamilton having furnished me with an introduction to his factor, I went to his house in the grounds of Broderick Castle. Supplied with the necessary authority to go wherever I desired, the next day I visited the castle, Glen Rosa, and Glen Cloy. On the day following I had, in the former glen, my first camera experience in Arran, and repeated this the day after.

Then I went to Glen Sannox, the drive to which is most beautiful and interesting. It was a lovely day; the colour of the hills

“pearly grey, golden brown, and the tenderest green,” the charming foreground, the luxuriance of the fuchsias—giants in size—all assisting in the creation of a picture that was most effective and complete.

We passed through the little hamlet of Corrie, a quiet, picturesque resting-place, and then shortly reached the entrance gate to Glen Sannox. At that moment all conditions were at their best for my work ; so, losing no time, I started up the glen, and in half a mile came to the very centre of really grand scenery. Indeed, such an abundance of subjects surrounded me, that in an hour all the plates were used up, and for the day my photographic work ended.

I had a friend with me, and as we praised the beauty of the scenery, the man at the gate told us of a walk which he said was the finest in the island. The burn was to be followed until a fording-place was reached ; there we were to cross and climb the low hill opposite (the “Saddle”), on the other side of which was Glen Rosa. He said it would take about four hours to reach Broderick.

So we determined to take this walk, and

found it wild, rough, and almost pathless; but full of charm and beauty. We followed the burn as directed, and after going a considerable distance reached a ford we believed the one that was to be crossed, especially as immediately in front of us was a hill which appeared to be the "Saddle."

No two men ever undertook a more stupid and unscientific bit of climbing, for as we approached the summit of this hill we saw before us a hill exactly similar, and it was then we should have determined that we were on the wrong track. But no! we charged the second hill, only to find, when we reached its top, that a *third* faced us; and as my aneroid told me that we had ascended over a thousand feet, we determined to go on.

The inclination of these hills increased our difficulties considerably, ten or twelve yards being the utmost that could be done at a time. Yet there were compensations; though we were gasping for breath during our frequent rests, how glorious was the scene! From the height we had reached, the burn whose course we had previously followed seemed a silver skein laid in graceful curves through the whole length of the glen, whilst the

hills on either side, for the greater part of their height, were carpeted with heather brilliant in hue. Above the heather and right to the summit is the grey granite, rugged and bare, its huge projections casting deep shadows, fantastic in form. Hills, which we could not see from below, dominate those which formed the two sides of the glen, and so pure and clear is the atmosphere that, where the hills open on the sea, far away in the distance Bute can be discerned.

Soon then the severe part of our walk ended ; the steep climb was done, and after ascending a comparatively slight incline, we were amidst the craigs and pinnacles of Goatfell, an altitude very many hundreds of feet higher than the Saddle. The position we had attained commanded a view of both glens, Sannox and Rosa, the burn in the latter sparkling in the sunlight—a scene which amply rewarded us for our exertions and fatigue.

The craving for water, however, became so intense that, with a final look of admiration at the beauty of the view, we took the shortest way to the burn below, and when it was reached, was ever drink quaffed more acceptable and grateful than that cool, clear, bright water ?

Resting for a short time, we started for Broderick, having the entire length of Glen Rosa to traverse, and then, after a long walk by the shore of the bay, we reached the inn, having been on foot, instead of four, over seven hours!

The next day was our last in the island, and we again went to Glen Rosa, where some of the best negatives of the series were secured. I left with regret, for Arran and its lovely surroundings are examples of Scotch scenery that will never be eradicated from my memory.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Stories: The Old Masters; The De Wint Drawings; Two Picture Dealers; General Washington's Portrait; A £1,000 Picture; "King Hudson"; Anecdotes of Mrs. Hudson; The Pair of Globes; The Duke of Wellington; Marcus Aurelius; Strange History of a Sir Joshua Reynolds.

IN this final chapter of my work a few short stories are related, which it is hoped may be considered an appropriate conclusion to my "Recollections."

The Old Masters.

A lady I had known for several years brought one of her acquaintances to my studio. The latter wished to have photographs of her four beautiful children enlarged, and finished in crayons.

This was done. For the crayon work the services of a thoroughly skilled artist were obtained, and the drawings proved a great success.

Some time afterwards my friend called upon the mother of the beautiful children, and remarked to her, "Mr. Vernon Heath ought to

do a portrait of you as a centre to those he has done so well—it would be so appropriate and nice.”

The reply was decisive and unanswerable: “Oh no! my husband has promised to take me to Rome to be painted by the old masters!”

The De Wint Drawings.

In the year 1866, when visiting a friend at Welwyn, he expressed a wish that I should see some drawings by De Wint, the property of a neighbour, Lady ——. “Whether,” he said, “they have any value, I can’t tell, but this I know, they have to be sold.” In due course I was introduced to the owner of the drawings in question, and on entering the dining-room was surprised to find myself in the presence of a number of old and valued friends—originals of well-known engravings.

I expressed the belief that she possessed some valuable De Wints. “Yes,” was the rejoinder; “I find they are of considerable value, for a gentleman from London offered me last week £400 for them—in all, eight subjects.”

I ventured, therefore, to suggest that if this

gentleman called again he should be told that one who knew well their value had advised that for the present no offer to purchase should be entertained. Returning to town, I called at Christie's, and described the valuable "find," and they urged that the drawings should be sent at once to their sale-rooms, in order that they might be included in one of the important sales of the season.

This was the upshot: "The Hay Field" realised £321 6s., the remaining seven fetching £858 18s., a total of £1,180 4s.; £780 4s. in excess of the gentleman's offer!

Having been present at the time, I frankly admit that I left the sale-room pleased with the result, and well satisfied that a chance call upon Lady — had enabled me to be of such service.

Two Picture Dealers.

In 1874 I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who, a short time previously, had inherited a baronetcy.

He contemplated buying modern pictures, so we went the following year to the opening day of

the Royal Academy, and saw a picture which appeared to be suitable for his purpose.

He hesitated, and as it was early in the day, proposed to adjourn to his club and talk over the matter at breakfast. Returning to Burlington House, we found that during our absence the very thing had happened which I foresaw—the well-known red star of those days, signifying its sale, was affixed to the picture.

This was disappointing, for I had a high opinion of its merits, and discovered later that I was not alone in my judgment, as it changed hands before the close of the exhibition for double the price asked in the first instance.

Strolling through the Academy, we found that two pictures of decided excellence had been bought by two well-known picture dealers, Mr. A—— and Mr. B——, so my friend commissioned me to call upon them.

I went first to Mr. A——, who asked a price for his picture that was three times in excess of my estimate, consequently the negotiations failed. On my casually remarking that I was going to Mr. B——, he said, “What, are you going to Mr. B——? Indeed, you must be very careful

how you deal with him, for he is just one of those who will worm out of you the name of your client, and then put himself into direct communication with him."

Thanking him for this warning, I left, and called upon Mr. B——, and found the price of his picture as excessive as that owned by Mr. A——, and happening to make some remark of this sort to Mr. B——, he, to my surprise, exclaimed, "Why, you have not been to Mr. A——, surely! Oh dear, you must be very cautious in your dealings with him;" and then, word for word, as if it had been a carefully arranged formula, he said that of Mr. A—— which the latter had said of him.

Looking vastly astonished, I replied, "Well, this is most extraordinary, for not ten minutes ago he used that identical expression with regard to yourself."

General Washington's Picture.

An old friend, Mr. Alexander Duncan, who had important business relations with America, came to me in the autumn of 1873 to ascertain whether I would undertake to make a facsimile

copy of a picture of General Washington, the property of the Earl of Albemarle.

I agreed to do this, and Mr. Duncan gave me a letter of introduction to his lordship. I was thus afforded the much desired opportunity of visiting Quidenham, knowing that he possessed a most important collection of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The portrait of General Washington, as will be hereafter shown in the Hon. Mr. Winthrop's letter, is historically most interesting, but poor as a work of art.

For the purpose of reproducing it, perfect negatives were made; the resulting photographs were then enlarged to the dimensions of the original.

The services of an artist were secured to paint this reproduction, and, through the kindness of Lord Albemarle, he stayed at Quidenham, which enabled him to produce a most exact copy of the picture. Then, in order that this copy should be as faithful as possible, a frame was made in imitation of the original; when this was finished and the copy put into it, it was difficult to detect the real "Simon Pure."

The following letter from the President of the Massachusetts Historical Society completes, in a highly interesting way, this story of the picture of General Washington :—

“ *Wildbad, Würtemberg,*

“ *August 6th, 1874.*

“ MY DEAR MR. ADAMS,—I avail myself of a quiet moment, in this little nook of the Black Forest, where I am passing a few weeks for the health of one of my family, to inform you officially of a gift to our old Historical Society, which, I am sure, will be received with interest and acknowledged with gratitude.

“ It is an exact copy of that portrait of Washington which was intended for the Stadtholder, in 1780, and which was captured, with Laurens, by Captain Keppel of the British navy. Laurens, as you will remember, had been appointed our Minister Plenipotentiary to Holland in 1779, and was on his way to the Hague. His imprisonment in the Tower for more than a year made a serious impression on his health ; but he survived to be one of the signers of the preliminary treaty of peace, I believe, in November, 1782. I have forgotten how much longer he lived ; but it is

interesting in these days, when 'cremation' has become one of the topics of social science, to recall the fact, or certainly the story, that, agreeably to his own directions, his body was burned and his ashes collected and buried.

"Meantime, the portrait of Washington, which he had in charge, happily escaped from all detriment, and, having been claimed and allowed as personal prize, was presented by the captor to his uncle, Admiral Lord Keppel. It thus became one of the treasures of Quidenham Park, the seat of the Earl of Albemarle, the present head of the Keppel family, in Norfolk. It is by no means a work of high art, and I am at a loss to conjecture by whom it could have been painted. It has no signature, I learn, and there is no tradition at Quidenham as to the artist's name. Perhaps the journals of Congress, or the newspapers of the period, may furnish a clue to the problem. Some of the emblems and allegorical illustrations, if I may so call them, suggest a French artist. But the main interest of the portrait is derived from the fate which befell it; from the period of Washington's life at which it was taken; and

from the broad blue ribbon which is so conspicuous a feature of his costume.

“The Hon. and Rev. Thomas Keppel, in his *Life of the gallant admiral*, mentions the portrait, and is much perplexed to account for this blue ribbon. It was at one time construed in some quarters into a confirmation of the mistaken idea that Washington was made a marshal of France when Rochambeau was sent over to our aid.

“But our Society will not forget that this whole subject was treated with great ability in a paper read at a Social Meeting in the month of January, 1859, by our lamented associate, Judge Warren, whose death has so recently been announced, and in the tribute to whose memory I should so gladly have united. This paper, printed in one of the early volumes of our *Proceedings*, called attention, for the first time, I believe, to the orderly book of Washington, at Cambridge, in 1775, which showed that the blue ribbon was prescribed as the distinctive designation of the Commander-in-Chief, so that he might be recognised by the troops to whom, on his first coming, he was so entire a stranger.

“It was certainly this paper of our deceased

associate and friend, Judge Warren, which first awakened a special interest in the portrait at Quidenham; and, happening myself to be in England a few months after it was read, I made an incipient movement towards procuring at least a photograph of it. I found it, however, altogether impracticable at that time; and circumstances beyond my control prevented me from even availing myself of the permission which Lord Albemarle then kindly gave me to see it.

“Within a year or two past I was fortunate enough to allude to the portrait, and to mention my desire to secure some sketch or copy of it for our Society, to a valued friend of yours, as well as of my own—Alexander Duncan, Esq., long an honoured citizen of Rhode Island, but now resident in London. Mr. Duncan entered at once into my views, and most kindly promised to make a personal effort to accomplish them. By his intervention with his friend, the present Lord Albemarle, permission was obtained for making a copy of the portrait, and the services of a skilful artist were secured for the purpose. The portrait was photographed, and the photograph magnified

to the precise dimensions of the original. The copy was then finished on canvas, in oils and colours, in the immediate presence of the original, so as to leave no room for the slightest discrepancy between them. It is, indeed, pronounced to be a perfect facsimile of the portrait, just as it was painted for the Stadtholder and captured by Keppel, nearly a hundred years ago, and which has hardly ever been seen by an American eye from that day to this.

“ Of the success of this reproduction the Earl of Albemarle, who took a warm personal interest in the work as it proceeded, thus writes to Mr. Vernon Heath, under whose direction it was done, and to whose superintending care it owes so much:—

“ ‘ *Quidenham Park, Attleborough,*
“ ‘ *March 31st.*

“ ‘ DEAR SIR,—Of the skill that has been shown in producing a faithful copy of my picture of Washington, there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has seen, as I have, the copy and the original side by side. The Americans ought, therefore, to be thoroughly satisfied with a correct portrait of their illustrious countryman. If as a

work of art, and not on account of its historical merit, a finer picture be not produced, the fault is with the original and not with the copy.

“ ‘I am, dear sir,

“ ‘Yours faithfully,

“ ‘ALBEMARLE.

“ ‘Vernon Heath, Esq.’

“I enclose the original of this letter for our files, so that our copy of the portrait may never be without an authentic attestation of its fidelity.

“You will agree with me, I am sure, that our most grateful acknowledgments would have been due to our excellent friend, Mr. Duncan, if he had only procured for us an opportunity of obtaining for ourselves an exact reproduction of so interesting a memorial of Washington and of our revolutionary struggle. But, while I was recently with him in London, he authorised me to present it to our Society as his own gift; and they will accordingly receive it as such, and place such an inscription upon it as will perpetuate the record of his liberality.

“Meantime, I have so far presumed on the

willingness of the Society to make proper provisions for it, as to instruct Mr. Vernon Heath to have a facsimile prepared of the simple but effective frame in which it has been enclosed from the first, so that it may take its place in our gallery precisely as the original is now found in the gallery of Lord Albemarle. I have also caused it to be insured in London. . . .

“I cannot conclude this letter without suggesting—what, indeed, could not fail to have occurred to yourself—that we owe our respectful and grateful acknowledgments to the Earl of Albemarle for yielding to the desire which had been communicated to him, and allowing the portrait to be copied for us, and for the obliging interest he has taken in the work, and the facilities he has afforded for its accomplishment.

“Nor can we omit to express our obligations to Mr. Vernon Heath for the fidelity and success with which he has executed the commission given him by Mr. Duncan in our behalf. A full-length portrait, of life size, with so many details of dress and illustration, in a private gallery at a long distance from the metropolis, was no easy thing to copy.

a subject upon which I am most anxious to have your opinion."

"No," replied his friend; "I have said nothing, *but I have thought a great deal*, and for the life of me I do not see *fifty pounds* a year in it—which sum is, as you know, the fair interest for your outlay."

King Hudson.

In the year 1847—in the reign of King Hudson—I made the acquaintance of the Marquis of Northampton, who was then President of the Royal Society. At a *soirée* given at his house in Piccadilly I met Mr. Loch, a celebrated engineer, in company with Mr. Hudson, then so important a personage in the railway world that he had been dubbed "king." He was a remarkable man: keen, shrewd, and very able in the control and management of commercial affairs. A tradesman in a comparatively small way of business in York, he had mastered the prospects and chances of all the great railways in the kingdom, until his advice was sought for and acted upon by the great financiers and capitalists.

It was sufficient that he, or others guided by

him, were purchasing the shares of a particular railway to drive up the price considerably, and when this happened to two or three railways simultaneously it resulted that the shares of all other railways followed suit, bringing about an inflation of prices both rapid and considerable. Take as an instance Great Westerns, which touched a price exceeding £200—I believe it was £220; when the inevitable reaction followed, a panic ensued, and these shares fell to 48. I can speak to the fact that they were between that and 50, being myself a purchaser at the latter price.

In the crash hundreds of persons fell; Mr. Hudson, who at one time (on paper) was a millionaire, being, with the rest, seriously affected. In the height of his success and popularity he was sought after by persons of every degree and rank; there was ever a struggle for introductions to him, and his parties and entertainments were crowded.

His town house was at Albert Gate (now the residence of the French Ambassador). At that time the corresponding house of the present day was not built; so that, standing alone, it looked

higher than it really was, being known as "Gibraltar."

There were many curious stories about Mrs. Hudson, some of which, that were current everywhere, I remember well.

There was a library in the house which had been completed and fitted in the most perfect manner. A friend or acquaintance who was once admiring it, told Mrs. Hudson that it needed absolutely nothing but a pair of globes. Taking the earliest opportunity, that lady drove to a well-known maker in St. James's Street, not knowing at the time that globes were terrestrial and celestial.

Entering the shop, "I want," she said, "a pair of the largest and handsomest globes you have, and, if possible, want them sent home at once, for I have friends coming to me to-night."

"They shall be sent, madam," replied the maker, whose face doubtlessly beamed with satisfaction, for such globes were not purchased every day.

Driving from place to place, Mrs. Hudson at last returned to Albert Gate, and heard that the globes had arrived; so she went into the library,

and then excitedly returned, and drove again to St. James's Street.

Hurriedly entering the shop, she addressed the owner thus: "I ordered a pair of globes this morning, and it is annoying to me to find that you have made a most stupid mistake."

"How so, madam?" was the reply; and he added, "In my belief I do not think a more perfect pair could be obtained."

"But," said the lady, "they are not a *pair*, for I have examined them, and have come back to tell you that you have sent *odd ones*!"

The second story related to the Duke of Wellington. Mrs. Hudson had issued cards for an evening party, "to meet the Duke of Wellington." The night arrived, the guests assembled, and the rooms were crowded, but no Duke, though at a late hour his Grace arrived, when Mrs. Hudson, who was waiting to receive him, said, "Oh, Duke! you are so late, and I have been so anxious; for to-night, you know, you are my *prima donna*!"

The third story arose out of a visit to Bridgewater House. Many *gaucheries* have been

attributed to Mrs. Hudson which were not well founded, and in some cases have been grossly exaggerated; the following, though, I have reason to believe, is as correct as it is comical.

Desiring to visit the celebrated Bridgewater Gallery, at the residence of Lord Ellesmere, Mrs. Hudson was duly shown the treasures of art there collected. In passing through the corridor, where much beautiful sculpture is exhibited, the visitor was struck by a bust of Marcus Aurelius. Addressing the house-keeper, she inquired, "And who may this be?" "That is Marcus Aurelius, ma'am." "Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Hudson; "father of the present Marquis, I presume!"

Strange History of a Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Amongst others who were good enough to help me with information as to the facts relating to the Lockinge House Murillo, described at page 226, were Messrs. Séguier and Smart, the well-known picture restorers, who told me a story of a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which was painted in 1760, and the same year engraved by McArdell, the subject being the young daughter and son of

Mr. Fulke Greville, grandson of the fifth Lord Brooke. The girl was painted as Hebe, and the boy—who was much younger—as a Cupid with wings, and I think, remembering the engraving, with a bow and arrows.

The daughter—Frances Anne—sixteen years afterwards (1776) married Mr. John Crewe, who, in 1806, was created a peer.

Years after the picture was painted, and while it was in the possession of his father, the son, having always disliked the Cupid, either cut it out of the canvas or directed that this should be done, and then employed an artist to paint in its place a tripod and a rock.

This, for many years afterwards, was the condition of the picture, and during all this time it was not known what had become of the Cupid. In the meanwhile, possibly through Lord Crewe's marriage with "Hebe," it came into his lordship's possession. In the year 1866—in the tripod and rock condition—it was lent by the present Lord Crewe for an exhibition at the British Institution, with the simple title—"Hebe."

In the same year, and only a short time afterwards, Mr. Smart was asked by Mr. Briscoe, of Fox Hills, Chertsey, to call at his London house, and look through his collection of pictures, and while doing this, he discovered the Cupid hanging on the walls. Though it had had a background added to it, Mr. Smart at once came to the conclusion, from his recollection of McArdell's engraving of the original, that it was the missing Cupid of that picture.

At the time of this discovery, Mr. Smart's partner (Mr. Séguier) was at Crewe Hall, Cheshire, restoring pictures, and, on being written to, told Lord Crewe of the finding of the Cupid; his lordship thereupon wrote to Mr. Briscoe.

A careful examination by experts resulted in the decision that the Cupid was the missing portion of the Sir Joshua. Mr. Briscoe then generously determined that it should be restored to its rightful owner, and though at the time the value of all Sir Joshua's works had been very considerably enhanced, he also generously resolved that his lordship should have it for the sum it cost him.

Thus, after ninety-eight years, the tripod and

rock addition being removed, the Cupid was put back into its place, adding great value and importance to a splendid example of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

One thing remains to be said. The tripod and its rock, having been so long associated with the picture, were put upon a canvas sufficiently large for the purpose, and a suitable background was painted around it, and at this present time it occupies a place in Lord Crewe's gallery.

With this story my task closes; I cannot, though, finally lay down the pen without tendering my thanks to, and acknowledging the assistance received from, many friends and acquaintances, as well as those with whom it has been my privilege to be associated.

But for their generous encouragement and help I should not have been able to collect the materials that have been utilised for these Reminiscences.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACTS FROM A RETURN TO AN ORDER
OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, DATED
25TH MAY, 1848.

REPORT BY LORD MONTEAGLE AND SIR ROBERT PEEL
ON THE VERNON COLLECTION OF PICTURES.

50, Pall Mall, 9th December, 1847.

In conformity with the wishes of the Trustees of the National Gallery, we met on this day at Mr. Vernon's house, for the purpose of forming an opinion as to the pictures which it might be desirable to select for the Royal National Gallery.

The accompanying paper contains the list of such pictures. The Trustees will observe that it differs in scarcely any particular from the list which Mr. Vernon himself had the goodness to suggest to the Trustees. Lord Colborne was not enabled to meet us.

(Signed) MONTEAGLE.
 ROBERT PEEL.

LIST OF PICTURES REFERRED TO IN THE ACCOMPANYING
REPORT.

In the Front Dining-room.

S. Cooper	Farmyard with Cattle.
Callcott	The old Pier, Little Hampton.
Wilkie	The Peep-o'-Day Boys' Cabin.
Gainsborough . .	Landscape.
Hilton	Rachel at the Well.
Wilson	Landscape.
Maclise	The Play Scene, Hamlet.
Gainsborough . .	Landscape.
Collins	Happy as a King.
S. Cooper	Scene in the Highlands.
Pickersgill . . .	Portrait in a Persian Dress.
Ward	Lake and Tower in De Tabley Park.
E. M. Ward . . .	The South Sea Bubble.

Buste.

Baily, after Nollicens	Canning.
Baily, after Robiliac	Newton.
Baily	Duke of Wellington.
Bacon	Marquess Wellesley

In the Library.

Stothard	The Vintage.
Stothard	Midsummer Night's Dream.
Sir T. Lawrence .	Portrait of a Lady

Loutherbourg . . .	Landscape.
Stanfield	Sketch for the Battle of Trafalgar.
Nasmyth	Cottage in Hyde Park.
Lee	Wood Scenery.
Bonnington . . .	Venice.
Uwins	Neapolitan Wedding.
L. Haghe	The Council of War.
Sir M. Shee . . .	Portrait of T. Morton, Esq.
Sir T. Lawrence .	Portrait of John Fawcett.

In the Front Drawing-room.

Hilton	Study of a Head.
Uwins	The little Brigand.
Stanfield	The Entrance to the Zuyder Zee
Maclise	Malvolio and the Countess.
Hilton	Study of a Head.
Rippingille . . .	Female Head.
Jones	Utrecht.
Callcott	The Dutch Village.
Turner	The Golden Bough.
Goodall	The Tired Soldier.
Linnell	The Windmill.
Webster	The Truant.
Witherington . .	The Crown of Hops.
Etty	Bathers.
Goodall	The Village Festival.
Eastlake	Christ lamenting over Jerusalem.
Callcott	Port of Leghorn.
Wyatt	Lady and Dog.
Callcott	The Wooden Bridge.

Wilkie	Reading the News.
Mulready	The last in.
Cooke	Dutch Boats in a Calm.
Wilkie	Woodland View.
Stothard	Cupid and Nymphs.
Hilton	Cupid disarmed.
Turner	The Prince of Orange landing at Torbay.
Newton	The Casement.
Mulready	Coming from the Fair.
Dubufe	The Surprise.
Leslie	Sancho and the Duchess.
C. Landseer	Clarissa Harlowe.
Bird	The Raffle for the Watch.
Shee	Infant Bacchus.
Turner	Grand Canal, Venice.
Callcott	Returning from Market.
Gainsborough	Cottage Children.
Phillips	Nymph.
Danby	Fisherman's Home.
Lance	Red Cap.
Lance	Fruit.
Wilkie	The First Earring.
Etty	Study in Oriental Costume.
Romney	Portrait of Lady Hamilton.
Callcott	Coast View.
Rippingille	Head of a Monk.
Jones	Lady Godiva.
Wilkie	The Bagpiper.

Etty	The dangerous Playmate.
Stanfield	Venice.
Callcott Horsley	The Pride of the Village.
Pickersgill	Portrait of Mr. Vernon.

In the Back Drawing-room.

Jackson	Portrait of Miss Stephens.
Hart	Interior of a Synagogue.
Etty	Window in Venice during the Carnival.
Lance	Fruit, Matting, &c.
Landseer	Highland Piper and Dogs.
Callcott	Copy of Sir Robert Peel's Picture.
Callcott	The benighted Traveller.
Hilton	Study.
Reynolds	The Age of Innocence.
Mulready	Crossing the Brook.
Collins	Shrimpers.
Howard	Portrait, the Artist's Daughter.
Jones	Nebuchadnezzar and the fiery Furnace.
Etty	The Lutist.
Thompson	The dead Robin.
Herbert	Sir Thomas More.
Etty	The Saviour.
Allan	Arabs dividing Spoil.
Etty	A Magdalene.
Lee	Landscape on the Coast of Lincolnshire.

E. M. Ward	Dr. Johnson in the Ante-room of Lord Chesterfield.
Turner	Venice.
Wilson	View in Italy.
Landseer	King Charles's Spaniels.
Wilson	View in Italy.
Etty	Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm.
Webster	The Dame's School.
Herring	The Scanty Meal.
Landseer	Time of War.
Landseer	Time of Peace.

In the Boudoir.

Roberts	Interior of Burgos Cathedral.
Etty	Composition.
E. M. Ward	The fallen Minister.
E. Landseer	High Life. Low Life.
Chalon	Group.
Leslie	My Uncle Toby.
Wilson	View in Italy.
Wyatt	Galileo.
Newton	Sterne.
Etty	The Balcony.
Stanfield	Lake of Como.

On the Staircase.

Gibson	Hylas and the Water Nymphs.
Chantrey	Bust of Scott.

Mulready and Miss Goldsmith . . .	Cottage.
Etty	Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene.
Stothard	Battle.
A. Johnson	Lord and Lady Russell receiving the Sacrament.
West	Installation of the Order of the Garter.
Geddes	Dry Reading.
Müller	Egyptians.
Stothard	Nymphs Bathing.
Reynolds	Portrait of Sir Abraham Hume.
P. Williams	Italian Peasants resting.
E. Landseer	The dying Stag.
Briggs	The Treaty between the Spaniards and Peruvians.
P. Williams	Italian Girl with Tambourine.
Stothard	Sketch for large Picture of Intem- perance.
Lane	The Enthusiast.
Simpson	Head of a Black.
Cooke	A Coast Sketch.
Creswick	The Way to Church.
Egg	Scene from "Gil Blas."
Hilton	Discovery of the Body of Harold.
Gainsborough . . .	Musidora.
Reynolds	Portrait of himself.
F. R. Pickersgill . .	Una in the Cottage.
Fraser	Interior of a Highland Cottage.

Goode The Newspaper.
 Callcott Landscape with Cattle
 Nasmyth Landscape.
 Clint Falstaff and Mrs. Page.
 Constable Landscape.
 Witherington Crossing the Brook.
 Briggs Juliet and Nurse.

In the Sitting-room.

Jones Battle of Borodino.
 Eastlake Head.
 Linnell. Wood Scene.
 Scott London Bridge.
 Scott Westminster Bridge.

We concur,

(Signed) MONTEAGLE,
 ROBERT PEEL.

COLONEL THWAITES TO R. VERNON, ESQ.

National Gallery, 11th December, 1847.

SIR,—I am directed by the Trustees of the National Gallery to repeat their acknowledgments for the splendid gift which you propose to make, and to inform you that the Trustees have made a selection from the pictures which you have munificently placed at their disposal.

A List of the pictures selected accompanies this letter.

I have, &c.,

(Signed) G. SAUNDERS THWAITES.

COMMISSIONERS OF WOODS, FORESTS, &c., TO THE
COMMISSIONERS OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY.

Office of Woods, &c., 28th April, 1848.

MY LORDS,—We have now to acquaint your lordships, that the Chief Commissioner of this Board was, at the date of the letter above mentioned, in communication with Mr. Vernon, through the medium of his nephew, Mr. Vernon Heath, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the collection could be allowed to remain in the present building for the purpose of exhibition, until the Government should be enabled to make suitable provision for its reception elsewhere; that Mr. Vernon had in reply expressed his entire willingness to allow the public to see the pictures at his residence in Pall Mall, on certain days of the week, during certain months of the year, subject to conditions as little exclusive as possible in their character, and such as Mr. Vernon was of opinion might without difficulty be arranged between himself and the Trustees of the National Gallery.

In consequence of this further act of liberality on the part of Mr. Vernon, we have taken no steps in pursuance of the directions conveyed by Mr. Trevelyan's letter, nor do we purpose doing so, unless under further instructions from your lordships, as the arrangements now proposed will effect a most desirable object, that of the pictures being exhibited to the public on certain days of the week during certain months of the year;

and we therefore, under these circumstances, beg leave to recommend that Colonel Thwaites, acting on the part of the Trustees, should be authorised to accept Mr. Vernon's offer, and to arrange with either that gentleman or his nephew the details of the arrangements under which the public are to enjoy the privilege of viewing these pictures at Mr. Vernon's residence in Pall Mall.

We are, &c.,

(Signed) MORPETH.
A. MILNE.
CHARLES GORE.

COPY OF THE DEED OF GIFT EXECUTED BY MR. VERNON
OF HIS COLLECTION OF PICTURES TO THE TRUSTEES
OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THIS Indenture made the Twenty-Second Day of December in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-Seven, between Robert Vernon of Pall Mall in the County of Middlesex and of Ardington House in the County of Berks, Esquire, of the one part, and the Right Honourable John Russell, commonly called Lord John Russell, First Lord Commissioner of Her Majesty's Treasury, the Right Honourable Sir Charles Wood, Baronet, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Most Noble George Granville Leveson Duke of Sutherland, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, the Most Honourable Henry Marquess of Lansdowne, Knight of

the Most Noble Order of the Garter, the Most Honourable Spencer John Alwyn Marquess of Northampton, the Right Honourable George Earl of Aberdeen, the Right Honourable Frederick John Earl of Ripon, the Right Honourable Francis Earl of Ellesmere, the Right Honourable Alexander Baron Ashburton, the Right Honourable Nicholas William Baron Colborne, the Right Honourable Thomas Spring Baron Monteagle, the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Baronet, the Right Honourable Sir James Robert George Graham, Baronet, Sir Martin Archer Shee, Knight, President of the Royal Academy, and Samuel Rogers, Esquire, Trustees of the National Gallery of Pictures, of the other part: Whereas the said Robert Vernon is desirous of dedicating to the public use, and towards the promotion of the study and advancement of the Fine Arts, his collection of pictures, busts, marbles, and articles specified in the Schedule hereunder written, together with those pictures when finished for which commissions are given by the said Robert Vernon to the several artists as named at the foot of the said Schedule, and for that purpose has requested the said Trustees to accept the same in trust as hereinafter mentioned, to which the said Trustees have agreed. Now this Indenture witnesseth that the said Robert Vernon, in consideration of the premises, and for divers other good considerations, doth hereby freely and voluntarily give, grant, and confirm unto the said Lord John Russell, Sir Charles Wood, Duke of Sutherland, Marquess of Lansdowne, Marquess of Northampton, Earl of Aberdeen, Earl of Ripon, Earl of

Ellesmere, Baron Ashburton, Baron Colborne, Baron Mont-
eagle, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Robert George Graham,
Sir Martin Archer Shee, and Samuel Rogers, their exe-
cutors, administrators, and assigns, all and singular the
pictures, busts, marbles, and articles whatsoever specified
and enumerated in the Schedule herein-under written,
together with those pictures when finished for which
commissions are given by the said Robert Vernon to
the several artists as named at the foot of the said
Schedule, to hold the same unto the said Lord John
Russell, Sir Charles Wood, Duke of Sutherland, Marquess
of Lansdowne, Marquess of Northampton, Earl of Aber-
deen, Earl of Ripon, Earl of Ellesmere, Baron Ashburton,
Baron Colborne, Baron Monteagle, Sir Robert Peel, Sir
James Robert George Graham, Sir Martin Archer Shee,
and Samuel Rogers, their executors, administrators, and
assigns, upon and for the like trusts, intents, and pur-
poses upon which they hold or are possessed of the
several pictures and other articles composing the col-
lection of the National Gallery. And all the said pic-
tures, busts, marbles, and articles whatsoever to the
said Lord John Russell, Sir Charles Wood, Duke of
Sutherland, Marquess of Lansdowne, Marquess of North-
ampton, Earl of Aberdeen, Earl of Ripon, Earl of Elles-
mere, Baron Ashburton, Baron Colborne, Baron Mont-
eagle, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Robert George Graham,
Sir Martin Archer Shee, and Samuel Rogers, their exe-
cutors, administrators, and assigns, against him the said
Robert Vernon, his executors and administrators, and
all and every person and persons whomsoever, the said

Robert Vernon doth hereby and shall and will warrant and for ever defend by these presents, of all and singular which said pictures, busts, marbles, and articles the said Robert Vernon hath put the said Lord John Russell, Sir Charles Wood, Duke of Sutherland, Marquess of Lansdowne, Marquess of Northampton, Earl of Aberdeen, Earl of Ripon, Earl of Ellesmere, Baron Ashburton, Baron Colborne, Baron Monteagle, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Robert George Graham, Sir Martin Archer Shee, and Samuel Rogers in full possession by delivering to George Saunders Thwaites, Esquire, Secretary to the said Trustees, and Assistant Keeper of the National Gallery, for and on behalf of the said Trustees, one of the said pictures, that is to say, "Venice" by Turner, at the time of the sealing and delivering of these presents, in the name of the whole. In witness whereof the said parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year first above written.

The Schedule referred to in the above-written Indenture.

(Memorandum.—The Schedule above mentioned corresponds with the list attached to the Report made by Lord Monteagle and Sir Robert Peel, dated 9th December, 1847. See p. 5.)

(Signed with)

The Mark of

+

ROBERT VERNON.

Signed, sealed, and delivered by the within-named Robert Vernon (the signature of the said Robert Vernon being expressed by his mark, in consequence of his being unable to write his name by reason of an attack of gout, which deprives him of the use of his hands), in the presence of us,

JOHN JENKYNS, Solicitor, 14, Red Lion Square,
H. B. RAVEN, Treasury, Whitehall.

Memorandum.—That at the time of the sealing and delivery of the within-written Indenture full possession of the pictures, busts, marbles, and articles within mentioned was given by the within-named Robert Vernon to the Trustees within mentioned by delivering to the within-named George Saunders Thwaites, for and on their behalf, one of the pictures within mentioned, that is to say, "Venice" by Turner, in the name of the whole.

Witness to the above delivery,

JOHN JENKYNS,
H. B. RAVEN.

It may be added, that of all the many persons whose names occur in the foregoing correspondence and Deed, the author of this book is the only survivor !



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